

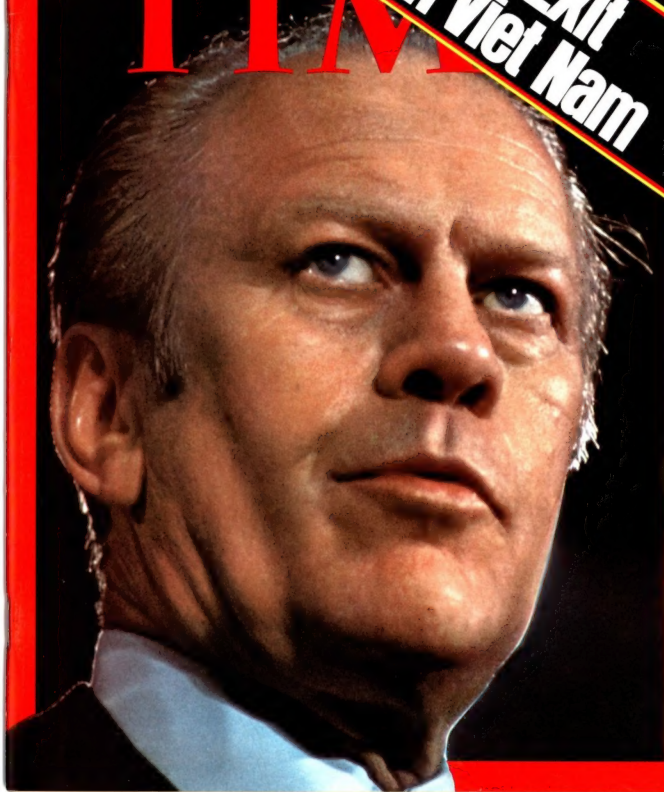
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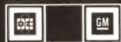
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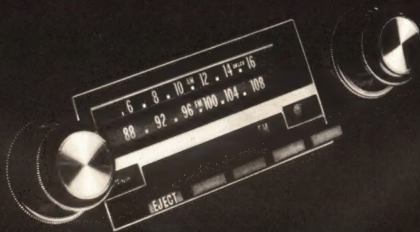
radio with a disappearing tape deck. Insist on Delco. It's the sound choice in stereo listening pleasure.

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Division of General Motors

Delco stereo tape decks are out of sight.



Where Do We Go from Here?

To the Editors:

History will record that in the battle for the hearts and minds of the unfortunates of Southeast Asia, the U.S. lacked guts.

Robert C. Rice
Colonel, U.S.M.C. (ret.)
Fallbrook, Calif.

A favorite adage of mine is: I'll forgive anything once, but almost nothing twice. If the U.S. pours \$522 million in aid and arms into Indochina, it will be its second error of increasing its involvement, and therefore unforgivable.

William D. Hewson
Edmonton, Alta.

It is obvious that American foreign policy is in a shambles. What makes this situation particularly paradoxical is the fact that our failures are presided over

courage into his hands and eliminates from his policies the obsession with ideological confrontations, which, if they were ever justified, are certainly out of place in the contemporary world.

Hans J. Morgenthau
New York City

Professor Morgenthau, a leading critic of U.S. foreign policy, is on the faculty of Manhattan's New School for Social Research.

The current world crisis could end either in a major war or in a Fortress America. To forestall these outcomes, we must re-establish promptly the credibility of American power and commitment—in Asia itself, the Middle East and Europe, while dealing in a more vigorous way with our economic problems at home and abroad.

In this process, it might help to reverse the old adage and treat this defeat not as an orphan but as the product of a thousand parents. Substantial errors have been made in Southeast Asia since the 1940s, including errors made by the present Administration and Congress. Evidently, we could not agree on the list of errors. We can let historians occupy themselves contentiously with that sport for many years to come. But if we can talk and act with a certain humility about past assessments and policies, we might turn an important corner and get on as a national family with the job on which the security of America and world peace now depends.

Walt W. Rostow
Professor of Economics and History
University of Texas, Austin

Mr. Rostow was special assistant for national security affairs to President Johnson during the peak years of U.S. involvement in Viet Nam.

Where are the Jane Fondas, George McGovern and campus radicals who displayed so much wrath over our bombing of Hanoi and the My Lai incident? I find it disturbing that these doves show a dual conscience—one for the Communists and another for their victims.

The South Vietnamese people are also human. I know. I lived with them for one-third of my lifetime.

Jerry L. Shultz
Long Beach, Calif.

The antiwar movement will return to action, as thousands did this January in Washington, until the Congress ends this recycled insanity in Indochina.

A strategy of a military character must be abandoned for the political settlement envisioned in the Paris peace

agreement: formation of a National Council of Reconciliation to prepare the way for a new representative government in South Viet Nam.

In the long term, we need a new foreign policy more realistic and creative than cold war power politics and anti-Communism. We should recognize and cooperate with the revolutionary currents in the world to end hunger and poverty. That way we can be proud of this country and assure democratic control of our long-secret foreign policy.

Tom Hayden
Indochina Peace Campaign
Los Angeles

The writer was a defendant in the Chicago Seven trial and is the husband of Actress Jane Fonda.

Perhaps I should ignore these pathetic people, embrace the new morals adopted by my nation, and look upon those dying souls as "not my business." It is most disturbing how history teaches nothing, for when I shout "Viet Nam" into the canyons of my mind, the echo comes back "Munich."

Gar I. Platt
Los Angeles

Middle East Coolant

Your reader who recently wrote: "I don't want my son dumping his guts on Negev sand in the interests of Zionism"—and others who have repressed similar feelings—would do well to cool it. There has been no indication from either American or Israeli politicians that U.S. military intervention is even being considered.

Arthur Nehman
Silver Spring, Md.

CIA's Sunk Sub

If the U.S. can afford to spend \$400 million raising worthless pieces of a sunken Russian submarine (March 31), surely we can afford to spend half that amount in Cambodia and perhaps preserve our credibility as an ally.

Owen Thomas
Libertyville, Ill.

With the *Glomar Explorer* being so roundly denounced for its expensive original purpose, I can think of a perfectly useful adaptation. Convert it into a supervacuum for oil spills off the California coast—and let offshore drilling go on and on.

Sam Farnsworth
Los Angeles

Project Jennifer not only uncovered otherwise unobtainable strategic and tactical intelligence but also developed the art of deep-sea submergence tech-



by a Secretary of State who is extraordinarily qualified to conduct our foreign policy. What accounts for this contrast between personal ability and conspicuous failure?

It seems to me that Mr. Kissinger's foreign policy is being ruined by assumptions and conceptions that have burdened the conduct of our foreign relations for decades and that the Secretary of State has been unwilling or unable to replace with sounder conceptions and assumptions. I am thinking here particularly of the status quo policy that Mr. Kissinger and his predecessors have pursued throughout the world, preferring conservative or authoritarian governments to forces of radical reform or revolution. While the Secretary of State has been able to shed the obsession with ideology in his dealing with the Soviet Union and China, he has been unable to do so in his relations with Indochina, Chile and Greece.

Mr. Kissinger will be able to turn failure into success only if he takes his

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

"We're running out of trees." The great American myth.

A recent Gallup Poll shows most Americans think our forests are vanishing—that we're running out of trees.

Fortunately, we aren't.

True, civilization is encroaching on the forest, but we still have about 753 million acres of forestland.

That's close to three-fourths of what was here when the Pilgrims landed.

More than half of the American forest is east of the Mississippi. Both Massachusetts and Connecticut are 62% forested today. New Jersey and New York are about 50% forest. And about 28% of the total American Forest is in the thirteen Southern states.

In a few states we're even gaining a little ground. Maine is about 90% forest today—up from 80% in the late 1930's.

The forest industry continues to grow more wood than it harvests. In many places it actually is speeding up the forest cycle by a third or more to yield more wood and wood fiber from the same land.

For example, America's wood products industry owns only 13% of the nation's commercial forest*.



Yet it grows enough raw material for almost 30% of the wood products made in the U.S. each year. The reason such a small fraction of the land can produce such a large fraction of the wood we need is intensive management and heavy capital investment in forestry.

And we'll need every bit of it to meet the growing demand for paper and wood products.

The good news is that we need never run out of forests—or wood products—in the United States. Not if we manage what we have wisely and continue to encourage involvement in forestry.

That means adequate funding of federal and state forestry agencies to pay for the care of 136 million acres of publicly owned commercial timberland.

It also means encouraging small woodlot owners who own 59% of our nation's most productive forest land. And it means government policies that encourage private investment in forestry.

So trees aren't like oil, or coal or even plastics. They're more like the storied cake: one we can eat, and have, too.

If you'd like to know more about the new American forest, write George C. Cheek, Executive Vice President, American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 38, Riverdale, Maryland 20840.



Trees. The renewable resource.

*Commercial forest is described as that portion of the total forest which is capable and available for growing trees for harvest. Parks, Wilderness and Primitive Areas are not included.

TIME BRINGS YOU THE WEEK OUR NATION WAS BORN.

Come relive history, in the Bicentennial Issue of TIME—which covers the first week of July 1776, as if today's TIME had existed then.

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And there's much more, as TIME takes you through that historic

week, department by department. *World* looks at Empress Catherine of Russia and her ex-lover Potemkin, who is scrambling to survive. *Books* reviews Gibbon's *Decline*

and *Fall of the Roman Empire*. *Medicine* looks at Mesmer's bold experiments in hypnotism. And *Education* reports on how the war will affect the colleges of the Colonies.

In *Business*, you'll meet Adam Smith. In *People*, you'll meet Ethan Allen, who is being held in chains on a British frigate. And in *Modern Living*, you'll read about popular new hair styles like "the mad dog" and "the sportsman in the bush."

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*Active TIME subscribers at the time of publication will receive a copy of the Bicentennial Issue.

FORUM

niques and other disciplines of oceanography, employed thousands of workers, produced several types of unique equipment that will be used for years to come—and at a cost of less than 50¢ a year to each American.

*Emil H. Levine
Laurel, Md.*

Goodbye, Marcus Welby

It is time for the man on the street to stop thinking of all doctors, dentists and medical people as Marcus Welby. True, some are, but the vast majority are looking out for their own self-interests, salaries and fees—as exemplified by the recent doctors' strike [March 31].

The citizens of the U.S. should also begin to seek their own self-interests by petitioning their Congressmen to enact a national health-insurance bill.

Every citizen should have the right to the four freedoms, one of which is freedom from want: in this case the freedom to enjoy life without financial worries over medical and dentist bills.

*Elissa Ward Johnson
Columbia, Md.*

Guilt-Edged Mom and Dad

There can be little doubt as you report in "Learning Less" [March 31] that students are performing at much lower levels than a decade ago. I object, however, to your conclusion "It is clear that the cure lies in the classroom."

Why is it that the burden for improving learning always falls upon the teacher? Could it possibly be that a child's parents and home environment could be where the cure lies? Just imagine how an interest in reading might be developed if children came home from school and saw Mom reading a book instead of watching the soap operas. Imagine how achievement test scores in science might improve if Dad took the kids to a science museum on Sunday instead of sitting on his fanny watching six hours of professional football.

*John R. Silvestro
Dunkirk, N.Y.*

Ungrateful

If Congress is expecting a wave of gratitude for the tax refund [April 7], they can forget it. It is like being fawningly grateful when a holdup man gives you bus fare home.

*James B. Collinson
Devils Lake, N. Dak.*

See Page Two

In reference to your People article on me [March 24]: I found it interesting and amusing, and I am only sorry that whoever gave you the information neglected to give you page two, which was much more interesting.

*Yul Brynner
Los Angeles*

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FORD DELIVERING HIS FOREIGN POLICY SPEECH; MEMBERS OF CONGRESS LISTENING TO THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE April 21, 1975 Vol. 105, No. 16

TIME

FOREIGN POLICY/COVER STORIES

Seeking the Last Exit from Viet Nam

Phnom-Penh was about to fall. The fateful and almost certainly final siege of Saigon was about to begin. The most frustrating and tragic chapter in the history of U.S. foreign policy was, one way or another, ending. And a new American President, unelected at home and untested abroad, was about to shake off the shackles of past U.S. failures in Southeast Asia and place his own unique stamp on America's global diplomacy by fashioning new policies on which Americans could unite. Such was the setting and the advance billing for what Gerald Ford had promised would be "the most important speech I have ever made."

But when the President faced a joint session of Congress last week to address it and the nation in his first major foreign policy address, he, like too many U.S. Presidents before him, found himself entangled in the toils of Viet Nam. The fresh start, the global vision, the new priorities would all have to wait once more on the dire exigencies of Viet Nam. But there was indeed a new factor: Ford faced a predicament unprecedented in U.S. history. His first concern could not even be candidly expressed. It was the delicate and dangerous task of extricating 5,000* Amer-

icans from an allied nation, South Viet Nam, that seemed in imminent danger of being overrun by the Communist forces of North Viet Nam and the Viet Cong. Also, if it could be done, Ford wanted to evacuate some 200,000 South Vietnamese who have worked closely with the Americans during the war.

Emergency Aid. For Ford to admit that this was his prime worry would mean hastening the very collapse in Saigon that would put the Americans there in the jeopardy Ford feared. Even privately to order their evacuation could spread the same kind of panic that in recent weeks had seized millions of South Vietnamese soldiers and civilians in their headlong flight from northern provinces. Even to suggest that the government of President Nguyen Van Thieu would finally have to stand on its own without further injections of massive U.S. military aid would be to risk the outrage of South Vietnamese troops and increasingly anti-American civilians. That could produce what high U.S. officials termed "nightmarish possibilities." By this they meant a final Viet Nam horror of American troops having to fight their way into South Viet Nam against the dual firepower of both the once friendly South Vietnamese soldiers and those of the North to rescue American civilians and shepherd them out.

Faced with that agonizing dilemma, Ford chose perhaps the only course open to him. He asked a suspicious and reluctant U.S. Congress to provide \$722 million in emergency military aid to the Saigon government. He urged the Congress to clarify his now murky authority to use American troops in Viet Nam for "the limited purpose of protecting American lives by ensuring their evacuation, if this should become necessary." He also pleaded with Congress to amend existing law so that he could employ the same forces to help bring out the vulnerable South Vietnamese—to whom, he said, the U.S. has a "special obligation." And Ford set an urgent deadline of the end of this week for Congress to act.

Ford's public rationale for the military aid was that it "might enable the South Vietnamese to stem the onrushing aggression, to stabilize the military situation, permit the chance of a negotiated political settlement between the North and South Vietnamese, and, if the very worst were to happen, at least allow the orderly evacuation of Americans and endangered South Vietnamese to places of safety." Prudently, he did not promise that any of those things would happen if the funds were provided.

Privately, high Administration officials explained that Ford simply felt that he had to seek the military aid or else

*Although the President cited 6,000 as the number of Americans in South Viet Nam, 1,000 have recently left.



SOLDIERS & REFUGEES IN VUNG TAU, SOUTH VIET NAM; AMBASSADOR JOHN GUNTHER DEAN ARRIVING IN THAILAND WITH THE EMBASSY FLAG

INDOCHINA

see the safety of the Americans imperiled. They were, in effect, hostages in South Viet Nam, and the aid money was meant as ransom to get them out. The requested funds were not to be ransom to the government of President Thieu but a stimulant to the confidence of the South Vietnamese that they might still hold out. As these Washington officials depicted it, if Ford had made his speech without asking for the \$722 million in arms, Saigon and its people would have felt finally jettisoned by the U.S. with immediate, unpredictable and perhaps fearful consequences for the Americans still in Viet Nam.

Private Briefings. Ford's public plea and the accompanying private but official explanations in briefings raised some puzzling questions: Was Ford seeking the aid without either expecting Congress to approve it or assuming that it would do any practical good in "stabilizing" the sagging military situation in South Viet Nam? If so, did not the private briefings by his officials defeat his real purpose? Or was the combined effort, public and private, an astute attempt to pressure Congress into providing the money, or at least some of it? Or, despite his protestations to the contrary, was Ford setting up Congress to be the scapegoat if it did not provide the funds and South Viet Nam fell? Whatever the answers, the episode was one of the most extraordinary gambits in the tortuous history of a wretched and confusing war.

While an unusually tense and nervous Ford labored through the Indochina portion of his speech, members of

Congress sat in a chilly near-silence. There were an embarrassing number of empty seats. At one point, a number of freshmen Democratic Congressmen committed the ultimate breach of legislative etiquette: they walked out on the President. One Congressman even booed.

Ford nevertheless had other things to say about Indochina. He rightly deplored the "vast human tragedy that has befallen our friends in Viet Nam and Cambodia." He insisted that this was no time "to point the finger of blame." Rather, "history is testing us." America should "put an end to self-inflicted wounds" and "start afresh" in a new spirit of cooperation between the President and Congress.

Yet, once again betraying his ambivalence toward his acknowledged concern for a new "national unity" on foreign policy and his protective impulse toward recent Presidents and his Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, whose reputation has been so endangered by recent setbacks in U.S. diplomacy, Ford promptly reverted to recriminations. Once again, however indirectly, he indicated his belief that a major share of the burden of blame for South Viet Nam's military debacle rested on the Democratic-controlled Congress.

Growing Controversy. The President traced the decline of Saigon's fortunes since the Paris peace accords of January 1973, which were negotiated by Kissinger. He said that South Viet Nam would have maintained its security if the terms of the agreement had not been "flagrantly violated" by Hanoi (but ne-

glected to mention that they had been flouted by Saigon). Hanoi had been emboldened to do so, Ford suggested, because military aid to Saigon had been cut back by Congress. Ford also pointed out that the President's capacity even to threaten retaliatory military moves had been curtailed by a congressional ban in July 1973 against money for any further U.S. military intervention in Southeast Asia and by the War Powers Resolution passed over a Nixon veto in November 1973. The eventual result, according to Ford, was that 18 North Vietnamese divisions had been sent into the South. That, in turn, led President Thieu to order what Ford termed, in an understatement, a "poorly executed strategic withdrawal" from the northern provinces. That withdrawal turned into a rout.

The President also fed the growing controversy over just what kind of commitments the U.S. had made to the South Vietnamese government as the peace settlement was arranged. He insisted that the accords were based on the premise that the U.S. would "provide adequate economic and military assistance to South Viet Nam." More vaguely, he said that another assumption was that "if necessary, the U.S. would help sustain the terms of the Paris accords." Ford claimed that there was a "universal consensus" in the U.S. behind "adequate material support" to South Viet Nam, ignoring the fact that the Democratic Party platform of 1972, at least, had called for an end to such military aid.

Ford did not mention a related



GENERAL FREDERICK WEYAND, FORD & KISSINGER CONFER IN PALM SPRINGS
A new President vulnerable to last-minute persuasion.

charge last week by Democratic Senator Henry Jackson, a candidate for his party's 1976 presidential nomination. In a speech on the Senate floor, Jackson said that he had been "reliably informed that there exists between the Government of the United States and South Viet Nam secret agreements which envision fateful American decisions."

Jackson's charge touched off a furor in Washington. It not only portended a potentially explosive political debate for 1976 but also went to the heart of an apparently inevitable future historical argument over how South Viet Nam finally was lost. Ford and Kissinger seemed to be setting up a theory that they had been stabbed in the back by Congress in their efforts to keep Saigon alive. Jackson seemed to be saying that Nixon and Kissinger had made a secret commitment to President Thieu and had deceived Congress about it.

Private Letters. Asked for specifics, Jackson said that he trusted his source but did not know the details of precisely what Washington had promised Thieu when the U.S. was trying to coax the Saigon government into a settlement. Other sources close to Jackson claimed that the Washington Senator's source had told him that Nixon may have verbally pledged that the U.S. would respond with the use of its airpower if the North Vietnamese staged a full offensive.

In response to Jackson's speech, Presidential Press Secretary Ron Nessen conceded that Nixon had exchanged private letters with Thieu before the accords were signed. But Nessen insisted that Nixon had not committed the U.S. to anything that he and Kissinger had not also stated publicly. What Nixon wrote Thieu in January 1973, according to Nessen, was that the U.S. would "re-

act vigorously" in the event of wholesale Communist cease-fire violations. Thieu seemed to confirm that, when he used the same terms in contending last week that the U.S. had "pledged that it would react vigorously if the North Vietnamese Communists resumed their aggression and brazenly violated the Paris agreement." Hanoi had done so, Thieu insisted, and the U.S. had violated its "pledge."

Tran Van Lam, South Viet Nam's former Foreign Minister, who had signed the Paris accords and is now President of the South Viet Nam Senate, told TIME Correspondent Roy Rowan last week of an earlier and similar letter from Nixon to Thieu. He said that he had kept a photocopy of a two-page Nixon letter dated November 1972. The essence, said Lam, was that Nixon told Thieu reassuringly: "Don't worry about North Viet Nam. It cannot launch an offensive in the South which we would not react to immediately and vigorously." At the time, Lam explained, "Haiphong harbor was mined, and you were bombing with your B-52s." He said that the term vigorously was, quite understandably, interpreted in that bristling military context.

The argument sent newsmen scurrying to re-examine just what had been said publicly by Nixon and Kissinger back in 1973 (see box). Clearly, Kissinger had repeatedly maintained that "there are no secret understandings." Just as certainly, the Paris peace accords "permitted" each side in the Viet Nam War to replace arms on a "piece-for-piece" basis, and Kissinger had publicly committed the U.S. to doing so for its South Viet Nam ally. Although vast amounts of military aid had been appropriated by Congress to Saigon since fiscal 1973 (\$4.9 billion worth), the lev-

INDOCHINA

el of replacing each expended or lost military item had not been maintained.

Kissinger had also kept the possibility of renewed American air assaults open by refusing to entertain "hypothetical" questions about any such contingency plans. Even if there had been an understanding between Nixon and Thieu, Nessen argued last week, it had been rendered "moot" by the congressional limits placed since then on the presidential use of American military power.

That was true, but it did not resolve the question of whether Nixon and Kissinger had deceived Congress about private assurances to Thieu. Idaho Democratic Senator Frank Church backed Jackson, calling the confirmation of the Nixon letters "another cobblestone in a long road of deceit that has characterized our policy in Southeast Asia." Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield supported a full investigation by the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services committees. The new Foreign Relations Committee chairman, Democrat John Sparkman, asked the White House to turn over "all pertinent documents" on the subject. Indeed, there seemed little reason not to reveal any Nixon-Thieu letters now.

High Road. That controversy is minor compared to the potential divisiveness and discord latent in Ford's insistence in his speech on Congress's role in bringing about the present crisis and its responsibility to provide instant aid to Saigon. Of such stuff are "Who lost China" poisons brewed in the body politic, even if Ford, as he vowed, would not be the Republican to cast blame.

Ford's approach was not what his closest domestic advisers, Bob Hartmann, Donald Rumsfeld and John Marsh, had argued for or anticipated. Indeed, almost up until the day of the speech, Ford's White House staff appeared confident that the President would take the high road this time, extend a conciliatory hand toward Congress, and in the process demonstrate his own command of foreign policy. They underestimated Ford's vulnerability to the last-minute persuasion of Henry Kissinger.

It was Kissinger, as it turned out, who worked over the draft of the speech with Ford until 1:30 a.m. on the day it was delivered. Until then, the President had not even decided whether he would ask for any further military aid for South Viet Nam. Ford finally produced a speech that sounded as though it had been written by Kissinger—and probably was. For it is Kissinger who has been most pessimistic about the consequences for America's position in the world if South Viet Nam fell ignominiously. And Kissinger's reputation and achievement in the Paris accords is in jeopardy in Indochina.

Kissinger's hand was even apparent in the key portions of Ford's address that dealt with places outside the crisis area

of Indochina, where he talked about the need "to recover our balance." Ford showed more emotion, and drew his first spurts of Republican applause, on three issues known to be especially bothersome to the Secretary of State. In each case, Ford was protesting what he considered encroachments by the Democratic Congresses of recent years on Executive functions. They were:

AID TO TURKEY. Ford angrily deplored the congressional cutoff of aid to Turkey after that nation had invaded the Greek-held portion of Cyprus. He said that he understood how Congress had laudably hoped to pressure Turkey into helping to settle that dispute, but he called the termination of aid "an unprecedented act against a friend" and noted that it had not been helpful in getting negotiations under way. Ford ignored, however, the fact that the Turkish invasion may have violated U.S. laws requiring an end to aid for any nation, even a NATO ally like Turkey, that is adjudged a military aggressor against another country.

SOVIET TRADE. Ford was similarly acerbic in protesting congressional insistence that improved trade relations with the Soviet Union must be conditioned upon greater freedom of emigration. He said that this restriction had been "self-defeating." Although he did not note that it too had been championed by his potential 1976 rival, Senator Jackson, he said that it had both "harmed" relations with the Russians and resulted in a lower level of Jewish emigration. Western Europe and Japan, moreover, had stepped into the breach to supply trade credits to Moscow, to a total of \$8 billion. The result, according to Ford, was that Americans had lost jobs and business that they otherwise could have had.

INVESTIGATING THE CIA. Ford drew his best applause with an assault upon the "sensationalized public debate over legitimate intelligence activities," meaning press and congressional inquiries into alleged abuses of CIA authority at home and abroad. He said that he would cooperate in any "responsible" review

of the CIA so long as "vital information" was protected, but again charged that the investigation "ties our hands" and threatens to cripple "a vital national institution."

Ford's survey of the rest of the world was disappointing in its predictableness, and was delivered in a manner that at times suggested he did not have a firm grasp of what he was talking about. Instead of a thorough reassessment of U.S. foreign policy, which he had promised, Ford pretty much reaffirmed long-held U.S. positions. As expected, he declared that the U.S.'s difficulties in Indochina did not mean that the U.S. had been rendered impotent elsewhere. "Let no potential adversary believe that our difficulties or our debates mean a slackening of our national will," he warned. "We will stand by our friends. We will honor our commitments. We will uphold our country's principles." Although those terse sentences seemed pointedly designed as applause lines, they drew little

While generally devoid of new in-

The Records on Promises to Saigon

Excerpts from the most relevant portions of documents and official statements on U.S. promises to aid the Thieu government after the U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam, as well as key passages from two of the acts of Congress that now limit what President Ford can do:

The United States will not continue its military involvement or intervene in the internal affairs of South Viet Nam.

The two South Vietnamese parties shall be permitted to make periodic replacement of armaments, munitions and war material which have been destroyed, damaged, worn out or used up after the ceasefire, on the basis of piece-for-piece, of the same characteristics and properties.

The Paris peace accords, initiated for the U.S. by Henry Kissinger on Jan. 23, 1973

"We shall continue to aid South Viet Nam within the terms of the agreement."

President Richard Nixon, Jan. 23, 1973.

Q. Were there any secret protocols agreed to?

Kissinger: There are no secret understandings.

Q. If a peace treaty is violated... will the U.S. ever again send troops into Viet Nam?

Kissinger: I don't want to speculate on hypothetical situations that we don't expect to arise.

Q. What is now the extent and the nature of the American commitment to South Viet Nam?

Kissinger: The U.S., as the Pres-

ident said, will continue economic aid to South Viet Nam. It will continue that military aid which is permitted by the agreement. The U.S. is prepared to gear that military aid to the actions of other countries and not to treat it as an end in itself... If for any reason the war should start at any level, it would be an unfair restriction on our South Vietnamese allies to prohibit them from replacing their weapons if their enemies are able to do so... This is what will govern our actions.

Henry Kissinger press conference, Jan. 24, 1973

Both Presidents [Nixon and Thieu] viewed with great concern infiltrations of

NIXON AFTER VIET NAM CEASE-FIRE



men and weapons in sizable numbers from North Viet Nam and... considered that actions which would threaten [the peace agreement] would call for appropriately vigorous reactions... [President Nixon] affirmed that the U.S. for its part expected to continue, in accordance with its constitutional processes, to supply the Republic of Viet Nam with the material means for its defense consistent with the Agreement on Ending the War.

Communiqué issued by Presidents Nixon and Thieu at San Clemente, Calif., April 3, 1973.

None of the funds herein appropriated... may be expended to support directly or indirectly combat activities in or over Cambodia, Laos, North Viet Nam and South Viet Nam or off the shores of Cambodia, Laos, North Viet Nam and South Viet Nam by U.S. forces, and after Aug. 15, 1973, no other funds heretofore appropriated under any other Act may be expended for such purpose.

An amendment to an appropriations bill reluctantly signed into law by President Nixon on July 1, 1973.

It is the purpose of this joint resolution to fulfill the intent of the framers of the Constitution of the U.S. and insure that the collective judgment of both the Congress and the President will apply to the introduction of U.S. Armed Forces into hostilities, or into situations where imminent involvement in hostilities is clearly indicated by the circumstances, and to the continued use of such forces in hostilities or in such situations.

The War Powers Resolution, passed by Congress over the veto of President Nixon, Nov. 7, 1973.

INDOCHINA

tiatives or concepts. Ford's speech did announce some new diplomatic moves. He said that he intended to meet with the leaders of Australia, New Zealand, Singapore and Indonesia, as well as other Asian nations, to reassure them personally that the events in Indochina would not affect America's resolve to retain close ties with them. He revealed that he plans to go to Peking "later this year." As for the breakdown of Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy in the Middle East, Ford repeated the willingness of the U.S. to take the issues to a Geneva conference or to pursue any other avenues that the Arabs and Israelis ask the U.S. to undertake.

But clearly, it was the discouraging and threatening events in Viet Nam and Cambodia that preoccupied the President. Realistically, he sought no new help for the Phnom-Penh government, although he could not resist chiding Congress for its recent reluctance to provide more aid. He noted dryly that he had requested "food and ammunition for the brave Cambodians" in January, and that "as of this evening, it may be too late." Indeed it was. Two days later, U.S. Ambassador John Gunther Dean closed the U.S. embassy in Phnom-Penh, and he and his small remaining staff were evacuated by U.S. Marine helicopters from the aircraft carriers *Okinawa* and *Hancock*. It was the somber, classic ritual that marks the end of lost cities and lost wars.

Enough Spent. Ford did ask for \$250 million in emergency humanitarian and economic aid to relieve the suffering in South Viet Nam—a request that the Congress will readily grant. Congress is also likely to grant Ford the explicit authorization he requested to use troops, if necessary, to aid in an evacuation from South Viet Nam.

But, barring a sharp turnaround in congressional opinion this week, there seemed to be almost no chance for more military funds for Saigon. "I think the American people and the U.S. Congress figure that \$150 billion under five Presidents is enough to spend in that part of the world," said Mike Mansfield in typical understatement. Democratic Senator John L. McClellan, a longtime Viet Nam hawk whose Appropriations Committee would have to approve the military aid request, expressed a prevailing congressional view: "I think it's too late to do any more. Further military aid could merely prolong the conflict and perhaps postpone briefly the inevitable—a Communist victory, a complete takeover."

Perhaps the only thing that could alter such harsh and final judgments is evidence from Saigon that the worst fears of the Administration are justified, that the aid is indeed the price and ransom of bringing the Americans out of there safely.

Actually, the initial street reaction in Saigon was that U.S. military aid was on the way. That was probably due to

the fact that the Saigon government praised the speech as "encouraging" and a "reaffirmation" of continued American support. More sophisticated Vietnamese were skeptical. Ford, observed one doctor, really meant that "we're on our own. April 19, and then it's over." Commented Saigon's *Chinh Luan* newspaper: "This speech came to South Viet Nam just as a final touch of a magician seeking to give a few more minutes of life to a dying patient."

Arms List. Yet, if the plight of the Americans was seen to be grave, could not Congress vote for the aid funds as a last gesture, believing that the money would provide a psychological lift but not actually be spent? Perhaps, but the weariness with Viet Nam, the suspicion of the Executive, runs deep in Congress. Moreover, while not optimistic about the practical impact of shoring up the Saigon forces, Pentagon experts contend that shipment of military supplies could be hastened to reach Saigon quickly. There is still some \$175 million worth of equipment in the pipeline, but it is fully contracted and much of it is en route; it would be augmented by any new funding. The President's fact-finding general, Army Chief of Staff Frederick Weyand, provided a detailed list of arms he felt that Saigon could well utilize, and they would be rapidly sent if Congress approved. As for U.S. public opinion, however, the early reaction tabulated by the White House was that telegrams were running better than 2 to 1 against Ford's appeal for such aid to Saigon. Again, barring a marked shift in the gravity of the threat to Americans in Viet Nam as perceived in the U.S., it did not seem likely there would be much urging from congressional constituents to support Ford's request.

Unfortunately, the net impact of Ford's speech, as well as the controversy over earlier commitments, was to maintain the divisive domestic rupture over Viet Nam rather than to bridge it. The fissure between the Legislative and Executive branches of Government seemed to have widened rather than narrowed; the possibility for further bitterness as events run their melancholy course increased rather than lessened.

Responding as he felt he had to, Ford has nonetheless bobbled his first grand opportunity to lead the nation out of its concentration on a lost cause and to heal the wounds of domestic partisanship over Viet Nam. To be sure, he could not with a mere speech assuage the agony or the guilt that many Americans feel when they think of the lost and ruined lives, or watch the suffering of the war victims on their television screens. The worry over what still lies ahead for those in Indochina, both Americans and those to whom the U.S. owes a moral debt of gratitude, is real enough. But something more could properly have been expected of a new President who had no need to feel fettered by the mistakes and the policies of the past.

The Orphans: Saved or Lost?

Bewildered orphans strapped inside flying boxcars; tearful parents straining to catch a first glimpse of their adopted infants; travel-weary but happy tots settling in at their new homes—such were the images that touched the public's heart last week (see color). Not since the return of the prisoners of war two years ago had there been a news story out of Viet Nam with which the average American could so readily identify, one in which individuals seemed able to atone, even in the most tentative way, for the collective sins of governments.

The genuine humanitarian sentiments underlying the airlift did not



PRESIDENT FORD & ORPHAN
A shoe at the TV.

spring up overnight. For the adoptive parents, the process of bringing Vietnamese children to the U.S. had been under way for months, if not years. The precarious status of the Saigon regime triggered an outpouring of sympathy for the orphans that made possible their quick evacuation.

Yet the continuing stain of the Viet Nam tragedy left its mark. Inevitably, the issue became politicized. To some, the phrase "Operation Babylift" became associated with a government policy less noble than the words implied. Cynical suspicion mounted that the Administration was seeking to build political capital, a view bolstered by the sight of the President cradling a newly arrived orphan. "Seeing Jerry Ford walking down the runway with that baby in his arms. I wanted to throw a shoe at the TV," said Mrs. Blair Coote.



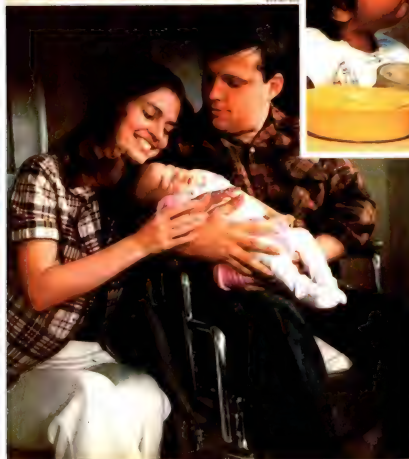
The Orphan Lift

Top: Children just in from Saigon rest in San Francisco's Presidio army base before joining their new U.S. families. Bottom: James Trullinger escorts his Vietnamese charges, flying across the U.S. to New York City.





Counterclockwise from top left: Newly arrived orphans settle in. Laboratory Technician Edward Kingsley, who served with the Air Force in Danang, with wife, 13-month-old Chellie and their own son Chase on their Houston, Minn., farm. Viet Nam Veteran Andy Bartkowski, crippled by a land mine, and Wife Darle with Patricia Lyn, 4½-month-old, in Bottle Ground, Wash. A nun working as a volunteer for Support of the Vietnamese Children at Presidio cradles a baby awaiting parents. Community Services Director Benjamin Finley of Chicago with Benjamin Tai, 3½. Center: Dog Groomer Ronnie Starr, who is unmarried, and 2½-year-old Shalli Nate in Mahopac Falls, N. Y.



er, the mother of a nine-month-old Vietnamese boy adopted last year.

Critics of the airlift also questioned the assumption that Vietnamese orphans would be better off if they were adopted by Americans. Traditionally, Vietnamese orphans are cared for by members of their extended family, or by friends from their community or village; the children's milieu is thus altered as little as possible. When the evacuation began, many South Vietnamese found it doubly repugnant that their waifs were being transplanted into an utterly alien culture and given American names. Many Americans were not surprised when Saigon announced last week that with 1,700 children already gone, it would tighten up its temporary easy-exit policy to prevent the quick departure of large groups. Said Martin Teitel, director of the American Friends Service Committee's Asian program: "It is insulting to the Vietnamese to suggest that they are unable to care for their own children."

There were some troublesome practical considerations too. Some of the still traumatized survivors of the horrible C-5A crash (TIME, April 14) were put aboard airplanes the very next day. Some skeptics wondered whether all the new adoptive parents would be comfortable with the psychological and financial burden they had taken on, and would be capable of catering to the special needs of children from another culture. The rush to save the Vietnamese children also raised questions about Americans' humanitarian priorities: there are at least 100,000 orphans in the U.S.—many of them members of racial minorities, physically or mentally handicapped, or older than is generally desirable—who are waiting for adoption; the takers are few.

Elitism v. Death. Quite predictably, the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong assailed the U.S. for "kidnaping" the orphans. But more measured misgivings came from a variety of other international corners. The International Red Cross declared that the foreign adoptions violated a Geneva Convention requirement that war orphans, whenever possible, be educated within their own culture. Caritas, the Vatican's relief organization, called the airlift "a deplorable and unjustified mistake," and instructed Roman Catholic agencies not to participate.

Advocates of the babylift insisted that they have the children's best interests in mind. "I disagree with psychiatrists who say this is a means of comforting the nation's guilt," said Presidential Assistant Theodore C. Marrs. "I'm fully convinced it is the basic decency of the American people. When they see a child in trouble, they want to help." For many, that impulse overrode concerns about cultural displacement or political motivation. Said Democratic Congressman Paul Tsongas, a Massachusetts freshman who would like to see 18,000 more

orphans evacuated. "Very simplistically, it is better to live in elitism in the United States than to be dead in Viet Nam." And surely life for almost any child in Viet Nam now is more dangerous and uncertain. Daniel Parker, the President's coordinator for international disaster relief, who managed the airlift for the U.S. Government, added that though adoption is not a common practice in Viet Nam, "with the war, the extended family concept simply breaks down," and children must be looked after in other ways.

Impressive History. On the most basic human level, the airlift controversy boils down to a crucial central question: How real a threat do the remaining orphans of Viet Nam face? Since either a negotiated peace or an all-out Communist takeover seems likely, it is appropriate to explore what might happen to Vietnamese orphans under these circumstances.

The Communists seem to have a rather impressive history of caring for children. Douglas Hostetter, an Asia specialist with the United Methodist office at the U.N., last fall revisited an area once under Saigon's control, which had been taken over by the Viet Cong. He discovered that children he had known in the past to be beggars and even youthful prostitutes were being well educated and looked after. North Viet Nam treats needy children in public clinics and maintains thousands of day-care centers. Said Tom Miller, co-founder of Children's Medical Relief International, who served as a consultant to UNICEF in the North in 1973: "It is not necessary to rescue the children from the Communists."

Many airlift advocates argue, and even some opponents concede, that orphans fathered by American G.I.s—particularly black ones—would face discrimination under a Communist regime. The number of interracial children in Viet Nam is not known, but it is thought to be considerable. A sizable number of children sired by French soldiers and colonialists—some of them black—were treated reasonably well by the Vietnamese after Paris pulled out. But nobody can predict how the offspring of U.S. soldiers would fare.

Leaving the children in Viet Nam also ensures that none of them will be irreversibly separated from their parents—and the fact is that a number of the "orphans" flown out in recent weeks had been deposited in orphanages by their own parents, sometimes under pressure from welfare workers, often with the understanding that they would be reclaimed some day.

From its outset, the orphan lift suffered from haste and insufficient administration. Between 1970 and the beginning of the current babylift, more than 2,700 Vietnamese orphans entered the U.S. quietly, under normal procedures; no controversy accompanied their arrival. But when the rush began to



"You do understand we mean well?"

evacuate as many as possible of those whose adoption processes had already been started, the system was short-circuited. Joshua Eilberg, chairman of the House Judiciary's Subcommittee on Immigration, charged the agencies behind the airlift with "a total lack of direction, leadership and coordination."

Now, thanks to the South Vietnamese clampdown, there is a lull in the mass evacuation of orphans—and some time to weigh the complex issues involved. On balance, perhaps the best assistance the U.S. can render would be to funnel money to concerned international agencies. For the children left in Viet Nam, there is at least one heartening prospect: they may soon find themselves, for the first time, living in a country without war.

CHILDREN WHO DIED FLEEING SOUTH



VIET NAM

The Communists Tighten the Noose

"When the Communists decide they're going to do it, they'll do it. Period," declared a senior American intelligence official in Saigon. It is hard to argue with that grim assessment. Last week nearly 75% of South Viet Nam's territory and 40% of its citizens were under Communist rule. It was probably only a matter of Hanoi's choosing and timing before the *coup de grâce* would be delivered to Saigon. Even so stalwart a defender of the Saigon regime as Hoang Duc Nha, 33, a cousin and confidant of President Nguyen Van Thieu's, admitted: "The Communists have put a noose around our neck." Nha insisted that the government can slip out of it, but he conceded that "it will be close, very close."

Last week, however, the momentum of the month-old rout slowed considerably. Instead of gobbling up additional provinces, the Communists seemed to be digesting what they had gained during the first four weeks of the offensive; they now seemed to be carefully probing the government's remaining defenses. In the

sands of Vietnamese, as well as for the estimated 5,000 Americans still in the country, the overriding question was how they could make their escape before the Communists take control (see box, page 16).

THE MOOD OF SAIGON

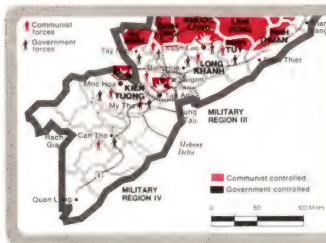
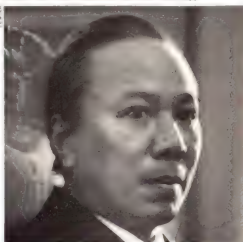
The capital seemed resigned to impending defeat. "The old life has ended," cabled TIME Correspondent William McWhirter from Saigon. "Its assets, loyalties, ideology and leadership are all becoming empty. Even now, with North Vietnamese divisions only an hour's drive away, no spirit of support or sacrifice has been summoned from the capital itself. It has not offered blood, money or even passion. No one has bothered to rally the people; there is a lone loudspeaker in the main square, but its scratchy, martial music is largely ignored. A high school teacher explained:

and flight from the north. Almost every refugee-laden barge that pulled into a southern port brought its own cargo of the dead—victims of starvation, exposure, thirst or the shootings of renegade soldiers.

One refugee, a 25-year-old paratrooper, managed to reach Saigon after a ten-day flight by car, foot and boat from Bao Lac, capital of Lam Dong province, after it fell to the Communists. He told his story to TIME:

"First the airport was hit by enemy rocket fire. Then, without us even firing a shot, the province chief gave the order to disperse. Everyone fled; even wounded soldiers got out of their hospital beds and walked off. On the road, I saw armed soldiers forcing people out of their cars and countless instances of

SOUTH VIET NAM'S PRESIDENT NGUYEN VAN THIEU



scattered fighting, ARVN troops were no longer dropping their weapons and running almost as soon as the Communists opened fire; in a number of skirmishes, in fact, Saigon's troops performed relatively well, standing their ground and driving back the attackers. At week's end, ARVN forces faced considerable pressure from an enemy bent on taking the provincial capital of Xuan Loc east of Saigon and threatening to cut links to the Mekong Delta southwest of the city. On the political front, there was no significant development. A lone, enraged pilot tried to kill Thieu, but there was no evidence that the President was ready to step down—or that the legion of his political opponents could agree on a successor. Meanwhile, for countless thou-

"We Vietnamese, we know the verdict. Now we are awaiting the sentence of heaven."

The one pronounced feeling in the capital seems to be a fear of the lawlessness that could grip the city during those gray days when one regime has lost power but the conquerors have not yet completely arrived. Fueling these fears were the horror stories of the pan-

theft: some soldiers were even carting sacks of fertilizer and driving 100 tractors out of a warehouse owned by a relative of President Thieu. Saigon is going to go too; wherever we go, the Communists are going to get there."

This paratrooper readily admitted that he "can live with the Communists." For those who feel that they cannot, the talk last week was mainly of possible means of escape. The chances are not good, except for the very rich who can pay enough of a bribe for a passport (current price: as high as \$8,000).

Even the Vietnamese who worked for U.S. Government agencies or corporations may have trouble getting out; with their families, the number of these would-be refugees could easily reach 200,000. "How do you start contacting and organizing these people?" asked a worried U.S. embassy official. "Many don't have a phone or even an address. How do you reach them in time? How do you tell them to come without that in itself creating a panic? How do you decide who goes and how many members of the family accompany them? How do you keep the others away?" Yet unless these Vietnamese escape, they may well find



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THE EQUITABLE
There's nobody else like you.

INDOCHINA

their names on some Communist "liquidation" list for having been identified too closely with the Americans.

ON THE MILITARY FRONT

Although the battlefields were relatively quiet, there was enough fighting to remind the South Vietnamese in the shrunken section under government control that the Communists were not

far away. At midweek units of the North Vietnamese army and its Viet Cong allies started probing key government positions in the Saigon area. Often, as at Tay Ninh, 50 miles northwest of Saigon, the attacks were no more than random artillery or rocket barrages. At Tan An, which straddles strategic Highway 4 and is only 20 miles southwest of Saigon, Viet Cong commandos overran the airstrip

and held it for eight hours before government troops drove them off.

The heaviest fighting took place at Xuan Loc, 40 miles east of Saigon, the capital of Long Khanh province. The Communist attack began Wednesday with a 2,000-round barrage of rockets and artillery and mortar fire, followed

continued on page 20

Planning for the Last Exodus

There are about 5,000 American diplomatic personnel, businessmen and journalists (plus their dependents) who will have to leave Saigon if and when the city falls to the Communists. In addition, U.S. officials think that perhaps as many as 200,000 Vietnamese might be killed or imprisoned by the Communists because of their connection with the Americans or the Thieu regime. In his speech to Congress, President Ford last week promised to try to evacuate

marked for execution by the enemy.

In the past three weeks, 1,000 Americans, including businessmen and diplomats, have fled Saigon. Some left on commercial flights, which are booked solid through the end of April; others went as aides on chartered orphan flights. But for those who must stay until the last possible moment—probably around 1,000 key personnel and journalists—the exit may be dangerous.

For one thing, there is the logistic

copter pad if the Americans make a move to evacuate. Given the anti-Americanism that flared in Danang and Nha Trang before they fell, it is hard to say who might pose the greater threat—Communist enemy or South Vietnamese friend.

Contingency plans for evacuating the Vietnamese involve even more staggering problems. Just assembling ahead of time and deciding who should go and who must stay behind poses excruciating difficulties, as does making arrangements for where the evacuees will go presumably the U.S. will try to persuade some of its allies in Asia and the Pacific to accept refugees as immigrants. Worst of all, there will be the nightmarish problem of ferrying huge numbers of people from Saigon to evacuation vessels waiting offshore to receive them.

The U.S. is assembling a considerable evacuation armada in the South China Sea off Viet Nam. In various ports along the Vietnamese coast, there are nine amphibious vessels, which were called in earlier to evacuate Vietnamese refugees to the south. Four aircraft carriers are in the area: the *Hancock*, the *Coral Sea* and the *Midway* are in the South China Sea; the *Enterprise* is at Subic Bay in the Philippines. Last week 2,200 Marines were deployed to the four carriers and their escort ships.

If necessary, U.S. forces could be flown into Saigon, shoot their way to a secure position and ferry evacuees out by helicopter to ships. Pentagon experts estimate that this would require at least three divisions (of 18,000 men each), and more if the situation got worse than anticipated—in addition to air cover, sea-power and dozens, if not hundreds, of airlift helicopters.

A far better solution would be to arrange an evacuation through negotiations with the Communists. The pressure to extricate the Americans would ease considerably if the two sides worked out a political settlement, though that would almost surely require Thieu's resignation as a first step. For Vietnamese refugees, matters would still be difficult. The Communists might well balk at the departure of South Vietnamese nationals and could try to prevent it. But there is also a hope that Hanoi, sensitive to world opinion, would allow some Vietnamese to escape as part of a final political settlement of the war.




LINING UP AT TAN SON NHUT AIRBASE FOR EXIT VISAS & AIR TICKETS OUT OF SAIGON


as many of these Americans and Vietnamese as possible. Contingency planners at the White House, the Pentagon and the U.S. embassy in Saigon are busy trying to figure out how so massive an exodus can be carried out.

Every U.S. embassy in the world, as a matter of course, has an emergency evacuation plan should "situations arise which might endanger American citizens." The program to evacuate U.S. citizens from Saigon is being rapidly updated; details are classified top secret. For potential Vietnamese evacuees, serious contingency planning began only last week. So far no final decisions have been made, and the names of those chosen to go remain secret, lest they be

problem of how to get the Americans from downtown Saigon to either Tan Son Nhut Airbase (five miles distant) or another possible evacuation site, Newport, a cargo area near the port of Saigon. During the rush last week to get home before the special 24-hour curfew was imposed, traffic in Saigon was herded at every intersection. What then might happen in the midst of the real hysteria that will almost surely come in the capital's final hours?

There is the danger that the Communists will shell the airports. There is also the grim possibility that South Vietnamese forces will turn their guns on Tan Son Nhut, Newport, or even the American embassy's small rooftop heli-



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More. It looks like more. It tastes like more. It's more in every way except price.

More. It sits neat in your hand like it was made for it and fits your face like it found a home.

New Menthol More.
It's a cooling blast.

If you like menthol, now you can have More Menthol.

More Menthol gives you more coolness, more tobacco enjoyment. It's the new 120 mm menthol cigarette that starts with a blast, and cruises you through the longest, slowest-burning, coolest-smoking experience you've ever had.

And just like More Filters. More Menthol gives you more for your money.

Over 50% more puffs than a 100 mm cigarette.

More Menthol. Long, lean and burnished brown, it looks as cool as it smokes.

More Menthol. You don't have to pay more to get it. And once you've got it, you'll wonder where it's been all your life.

The first 120mm cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Filter, Menthol: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine-av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Graham Martin: Our Man in Saigon

"I've always been controversial. Not that I seek it, only that I've had a distaste for anything but the truth."

—Ambassador Graham Martin

Even within the white, fortress-like mass of concrete that serves as the U.S. embassy in Saigon, Ambassador Martin is controversial these days. Some of his bright young Foreign Service subordinates bristle at the old man's intransigency. They complain that he squelches the normal give and take of policy discussion, refuses to pass along to Washington any political reporting that does not conform to his own, and limits distribution of State Department messages to a few hand-picked aides.

In Washington, Martin is still highly regarded by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. But even old colleagues who once admired him as the very model of a professional diplomat now express their worry that he has become a testy, overzealous apologist for President Thieu.

Martin, who succeeded Ellsworth Bunker as Ambassador to South Viet Nam in 1973, has provided his enemies with ample ammunition. Distrustful of the press, which he blames for "distortions about Viet Nam that turned America inward," he has had some notable battles with U.S. correspondents in Saigon, whom he has shunned.* After Senator Edward Kennedy, in a letter to Kissinger, raised a series of questions about U.S. policy in Viet Nam, Ambassador Martin—in an undiplomatic cable to the State Department, that was predictably leaked from Washington to the press—replied: "I think it would be the height of folly to permit Kennedy... the tactical advantage of an honest and detailed answer to the questions raised."

Recent events in Indochina have raised questions about the accuracy of Martin's perceptions. "Politically, the South Vietnamese government is stronger than ever," he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last July, while arguing for greater aid to Saigon. "Militarily, the South Vietnamese armed forces have demonstrated their ability to defend the country without U.S. ground support." As it happens, Martin, who normally sees President Thieu at least once a month, could not be directly blamed for failing to inform Washington of Saigon's decision to withdraw from the Central Highlands; the ambassador was on home leave in North Carolina, recovering from dental surgery.

The North Carolina-born son of a Baptist minister, Martin, 62, has been a

Foreign Service officer for 28 years. Far from being an Indochina hawk, he actually opposed American military involvement in Viet Nam in 1963, when he was serving as Ambassador to Thailand. "In fact," he insists, "my known opposition to using U.S. troops turned Thieu off when I first arrived." Says one former colleague: "In Bangkok, he was a real professional. He was one of the few ambassadors in that part of the world who could keep the U.S. military in their country under control. In Saigon, he has got crotchety and cranky."

Some friends point out that Martin and his wife Dorothy lost a son, Glenn, in action in Viet Nam in 1966, and that this has affected his attitude. "He has a kind of messianic complex," says one State Department official. "I am sure he has said to himself, 'I don't care if I'm vilified, I'm going to save Viet Nam, if anybody can.'"

As the cautious Martin says of himself: "I'm still the only guy around who's not emotionally involved in Viet Nam." After nearly three decades in the Foreign Service, he dreams of being able to retire to some property he owns in Italy. "I told Henry [Kissinger] I'd come out here for a year, and it's been almost two," he says. "In Italy, I would do some writing, and I'd experiment with grafting an olive to a juniper to produce an instant Martini—one that needed no gin."

Martin is not much given to levity these days. Soft-spoken and articulate, he argues: "Certain people back home are trying to sweep things under the rug. The way I read history, it is determined by what people did or didn't do." The theme is echoed by one of Martin's admirers in the embassy, who says: "The ambassador has been hit so much that he no longer cares whom he annoys. He is only thinking of historical results, and he wants to be on the right side."

Last week in an interview with TIME Correspondents Roy Rowan and William Stewart, Martin made these additional comments:

ON THIEU. Has the mandate of heaven been withdrawn? I don't know; Thieu is a Vietnamese problem. There has been no advice from Washington for Thieu to step down. I think it is a mistake to intervene; you take the responsibility for what comes after. I don't know what the U.S. did or didn't do in Chile, but those who do so vocal condemning our actions toward [Marxist

President Salvador] Allende [now] want us to do something about Thieu. I think it would be immoral.

ON THE CURRENT FIGHTING. The [South Vietnamese] pullback is now being interpreted as a great North Vietnamese victory. The North Vietnamese did not take Military Region I and II by force of arms, but by a government decision to evacuate. That does not make the North Vietnamese army ten feet tall. A year ago, Hanoi had put the war on the back burner. The level of violence would have got down to the endemic level. Then came the traumatic period: the Nixon resignation, appropriation cuts, a new Congress, and the So-

D. RECK-RELMAN



U.S. AMBASSADOR GRAHAM MARTIN

viets quadrupled their aid to the North Vietnamese army in the past year. They want to get credit for the victory.

ON THE U.S. COMMITMENT. One great myth is that we had a little aid program that grew and grew and grew. You have a nation here that we encouraged to resist, gave assurances to, not in treaty form, but quite precisely. There was no question that we would replace arms one for one. For all sorts of specious reasons we have reneged on every one of these agreements. My only regret is that I did not speak out more openly, to the distaste of the Department of State. The Executive Branch has fallen flat on its face presenting the truth.

ON U.S. STAKES IN VIET NAM. I still get a twinge from that piece of Japanese shrapnel in my back, and have yet to be persuaded that a hot war is better than a cold war. There's no way we can get into next year's Bicentennial without Viet Nam. It will not go away, as Voltaire said, "to be obscurely hung."

*For a while during the early 1930s, Martin wrote a Washington-based column for a number of newspapers in the South.

INDOCHINA

by a ground assault supported by tanks. According to Western analysts, Xuan Loc's nearly 6,000 defenders—including units of the 18th ARVN Division, which has its headquarters there—held their ground well.

For four more days, the battle raged; the Communists blasted the town with artillery and rockets and mounted ground probes; meanwhile, the government called in warplanes and helicopter gunships to pound suspected NVA positions in nearby rubber plantations. A brigade of paratroopers rushed up from Saigon to aid the city's defenders. At week's end after bitter fighting Saigon claimed that it had repulsed the invaders, killing 900 and destroying 37 Soviet-made tanks. The Communists, however, are sure to attack Xuan Loc again, since the fall of this major provincial capital would expose the government's giant airbase at Bien Hoa to Communist attack as well as further demoralize Thieu's shattered forces.

If the Communists decide on an all-out push against Saigon, most experts expect it to begin toward the end of April. Most of the troops the Communists need for such an attack are already in place, and they apparently have enough supplies to sustain six months of intensive fighting. Six North Vietnamese divisions totaling 130,000 men are now deployed around Saigon against seven ARVN divisions with 250,000 men, only 75,000 of them combat trained. In addition, it is assumed that several other NVA units could quickly be moved south from northern provinces captured during the current offensive.

The South Vietnamese government must build up the forces defending the capital without drawing upon the three ARVN divisions protecting the population centers and rich agricultural areas of the Mekong Delta. These troops, however, are needed right where they are. Throughout the Delta last week, regular NVA units and Viet Cong guerrillas



VILLAGERS & ARVN SOLDIERS VIEW BODIES OF COMMUNIST TROOPS KILLED AT TAN AN
At last, some government units that stand and fight.

shelled more than a dozen district towns. Moc Hoa, the tiny capital of Kien Tuong province on the Cambodian border—long a favorite target of the Communists—took more than 1,000 artillery and mortar rounds during one attack; Can Tho and My Tho are threatened by a buildup of Communist forces. Moreover, the NVA has bolstered the two divisions it had already stationed in the Delta by shifting the 5th Division from the Tay Ninh region.

Hanoi seems to have two aims in its Delta strategy: 1) to tie down the three ARVN divisions, thus preventing their redeployment to the Saigon area, and 2) to cut Highway 4, the pipeline through which Saigon receives almost all its rice and most of its fruit and vegetables. If Highway 4 were permanently cut off by the Communists, it would be the beginning of the end in the fatal strangulation of Saigon.

The scattered Communist attacks in the Delta accomplished Hanoi's first aim: ARVN troops clearly must remain where they are. The second aim, however, may be more difficult to attain. "The Delta is South Viet Nam's most secure area, militarily and, even more

important, psychologically," reported TIME's McWhirter after a visit to the area. "The ARVN units there have benefited by being far removed from the most traumatic effects of the rout in the north. Their morale is thus relatively high. They are led by General Nguyen Khoa Nam, a hard-working, incorruptible soldier of modest means. As word of the rout in the north spread, General Nam toured the command area, reassuring his troops that they need not fear such a disorderly withdrawal." In sharp contrast, the South Vietnamese commander in the Saigon area, General Nguyen Van Hoan, is generally regarded by Western military observers as not only incompetent but hopelessly corrupt as well. The strong showing by Xuan Loc's defenders also indicates that ARVN is still capable of fighting back. Diplomats in Saigon with close ties to the Communists have indicated that Hanoi is "very much aware of the consequences" of a frontal attack on the South Vietnamese capital. Translated, this means that the North Vietnamese realize a direct assault on Saigon might involve heavy casualties.

However, morale of most ARVN officers and line troops in the Saigon area remains shattered. Even if morale miraculously improves, time—at least two weeks, probably much more—is needed to regroup and refit the units that fled from Military Regions I and II. Since ARVN officers are not known for their organizational abilities, some of the units may never be reconstituted. Of the original 14,000 men in the once acclaimed Marine Division, which fled Thua Thien province, 8,000 escaped to Vung Tau near Saigon. Only 4,000 are still around, the others have melted away.

THE POLITICAL IMPASSE

While many Vietnamese were trying to find some way to leave their nation, President Thieu was insisting that he would stay—much to the dismay of a growing number of his countrymen. Last week the United Buddhist Church called on Thieu to resign. The An Quang Pagoda faction, representing the most

MILITARY POLICE GUARD SAIGON'S PRESIDENTIAL PALACE AFTER BOMBING



"The serviceman got here so fast, I thought he was right around the corner."

Anthony Mancuso, Sales Manager,
Union County Volkswagen, Plainfield, N.J.

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INDOCHINA

outspoken element of the country's Buddhists, has long opposed the President. So have a number of leading Roman Catholics, members of the National Assembly, former Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and such advocates of the "third force" as General Duong Van ("Big") Minh and Vo Van Mau.

The most bizarre expression of mounting opposition to the President last week was made by a 26-year-old South Vietnamese air force lieutenant named Nguyen Thanh Trung, who tried literally—to bomb Thieu out of office. Shortly after taking off from Bien Hoa airbase for an early morning bombing run in support of ARVN troops in Military Region III, Trung radioed his commander that he would have to turn back because his F-5 had engine trouble. Instead of returning to base, he headed for the white, modern Independence Palace, Thieu's presidential residence at the end of Thong Nhat Boulevard in downtown Saigon. After making several passes, Trung dropped four bombs on the palace; two were duds, but two exploded, injuring a government employee.

The siren-like whine of the jet and the explosions triggered pandemonium in the city. Diners crouched in fear behind street food stalls, panicked blue-and-white-uniformed children fled from a nearby school, riot police in green cars closed in on the palace. Radio Saigon proclaimed a 24-hour curfew; shops were quickly shuttered, and traffic was hopelessly snarled as people tried to hurry home.

Thieu took to the air less than two hours after the attack to declare: "I and my family are safe. I am determined to continue my leadership of the country. I view the attack as an isolated act by a group out to assassinate me and change this constitutional and legal regime." When it became clear that the bomb-



U.S. MARINE WITH VIETNAMESE REFUGEES ABOARD RESCUE SHIP *TRANSCOLORADO*. Horror stories of the Highlands rout fueled fears of a new lawlessness.

ing was not the prelude to a coup or an attack on the palace, the curfew was lifted after six hours. Meanwhile, according to Communist spokesmen, Lieut. Trung safely landed his plane at an undisclosed airfield controlled by the NVA. There he was welcomed, promoted to the rank of captain, and awarded the "Liberation Distinguished Service Order Second Class." Apparently Trung's attack on Thieu was motivated by personal reasons: he was said to be very depressed that his family had been unable to escape from Danang.

To many South Vietnamese, Thieu's determination to hang on in Independence Palace was more ominous than

the bombing. The reclusive President had lost almost all that remained of his popularity and credibility by his inept handling of the ARVN retreat from the Highlands. That was apparent by the trouble that Nguyen Ba Can, the new Prime Minister whom Thieu had charged with organizing a "fighting Cabinet," was having in recruiting new ministers. By week's end, the new Cabinet was nearly formed, but contained no new major figures capable of inspiring new confidence in the government. Nonetheless, the President is still a power to be feared. Some members of the opposition went into hiding, fearful that Thieu would use the palace bombing as an excuse to imprison more opponents of the regime. The major problem that the opposition faces is the lack of a likely successor. Although his remark was self-serving, Thieu's cousin Nha was probably correct last week when he smugly observed: "Do you see anyone else around?"

THE COMMUNISTS' OPTIONS

Whether and when anyone else emerges in Saigon may have considerable impact on Hanoi's strategy. Pentagon analysts no longer doubt the NVA's ability to achieve total military victory within a few months, if not sooner. In the past month, General Van Tien Dung, the NVA's Chief of Staff and a disciple of the legendary Vo Nguyen Giap (mastermind of the Viet Minh's 1954 victory at Dien Bien Phu and of the 1968 Tet offensive), has demonstrated an impressive ability to coordinate infantry, artillery and armor. Indeed, the Communist Southern headquarters (COSVN) is now describing 1975 rather than 1976, as previously de-

The Gilded Exiles?

Are President Thieu and Cambodian President Lon Nol carefully hiding their bets and gilding their nests for a comfortable exile? That, at least, would be one plausible explanation for some recent negotiations involving members of the Saigon government and Balair, a charter-airline affiliate of Swissair.

Chartered by the West German Red Cross, a Balair DC-8 in late March flew medical supplies into Saigon on a mercy mission. Shortly before the jet was to return to Europe, TIME has learned, Balair agents got a request from the South Vietnamese: Would the DC-8 fly out "some personal belongings" of the presidential family, as well as a few things owned by Lon Nol to Switzerland. The cargo consisted of 16 tons of gold, which has a current market value of about \$73 million.

Recognizing that the gold might be

part of South Viet Nam's and Cambodia's reserves, Balair refused. It claimed that such a high-density cargo posed dangerous weight and balance problems for the plane. A 16-ton load of gold placed in a 5-ft.-square section of the cabin could crash through the floor and out the fuselage.

The Vietnamese persisted. What if they spread the bullion on pallets so the weight could be distributed? The Swiss again demurred, this time pointing out that Balair had received overflight permission only for humanitarian purposes. Thus when the DC-8 stopped for refueling in Bangkok and Bahrain, the cargo might be inspected. Only then did the Vietnamese back off; they realized that either the Thais or Bahrainis could confiscate the hoard without compensation. At week's end the bullion was apparently still in Saigon—palletized and awaiting a more willing air carrier.

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in just 16 years —
genetically improved tree (left)
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that have the characteristics we want, we know that most of their seeds will, too.

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"We expect that by the time the forests we're planting now are harvested, we'll be planting seeds that will grow 50 per cent faster than trees in the natural forest."



Cross-pollination of seedling in industrial forest of Federal Paper Board Co., Inc., Lumberton, N.C.

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INDOCHINA

clared—as the “Year of Final Victory.”

Perhaps the major dilemma facing Hanoi is whether to go for a quick, immediate strike at the capital—or whether to proceed step-by-step, which would allow ARVN more time to regroup and rebuild some of its shattered divisions. Actually, Hanoi has a third option: hoping that Saigon will fall without a fight anyway. “We do not want our compatriots to die if we can obtain our objectives by other means,” declared Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, the Provisional Revolutionary Government’s Foreign Minister.

One possible strategy for a political victory would be to strangle Saigon by cutting off its Delta food supply and capturing the key cities and ports (such as Xuan Loc, Bien Hoa and Vung Tau) surrounding it. That might easily create enough discontent inside the capital to force Thieu’s ouster or resignation. A new government might be ready to negotiate with the Communists and give them some sort of governing role. French President Valéry Giscard d’Estaing has indicated that his country is prepared to use its “good offices” to help in the evolution of a political solution;

the French have contacts with the PRG in Paris and have even kept their vice consul in Danang.

Of course, there is always the chance that Thieu’s successor might be a strong nationalist who would try to rally the armed forces for a last-ditch stand against the Communists. A bloody battle for Saigon would then become inevitable—as would its outcome. Despite the hyperbole, Hanoi’s party newspaper *Nhan Dan* was probably correct when it boasted: “Wherever our army advances, it smashes and disintegrates all of the enemy.”

CAMBODIA

American Pullout from a City Under Siege



EVACUEES LEAVING PHNOM-PENH ABOARD U.S. HELICOPTERS UNDER MARINE PROTECTION
The ambassador took the American flag with him as he flew out.

The excruciatingly slow and steady strangulation of Phnom-Penh approached a climax last week. Intensifying their already viselike grip on the capital, the Khmer Rouge insurgents pushed their way to within two to four miles of the city’s northwest and east boundaries—a distance that allows deadly accuracy to the U.S.-made 105-mm. howitzers the rebels have captured from government forces in the provinces. U.S. intelligence experts saw no hope for the defense of Phnom-Penh and predicted its final collapse, possibly within days.

In his televised address to Congress last Thursday, President Ford did not even mention his previous request for an additional \$222 million in emergency aid to Cambodia. The President merely promised, in a later statement, to do “whatever possible to support an independent, peaceful, neutral and unified Cambodia.” At the same time, advised that there was no alternative, Ford,

“with a heavy heart,” ordered Americans to be helicoptered out of Phnom-Penh by a U.S. naval force that had been on station in the Gulf of Siam for more than a month against such an eventuality.

Flawless Operation. The exercise, called “Operation Eagle Pull,” went off flawlessly. All together 276 people, including Americans, Cambodians and nationals of other countries, were lifted out aboard CH-53 helicopters from carriers *Okinawa* and *Hancock*. The choppers were protected by a 20-plane force of U.S. fighters and the staging area was secured by more than 300 Marines in combat gear. Several Khmer Rouge rockets landed near by during the evacuation.

U.S. Ambassador John Gunther Dean, climbing aboard one of the 36 helicopters used to ferry the evacuees out, carried in his arms the American flag that had flown over his embassy in Phnom-Penh until the previous sun-

set. Among the Cambodians who left was Acting President Saukam Khoy, along with his family. Premier Long Boret, in a radio broadcast shortly afterward, said that the flight demonstrated Saukam Khoy’s lack of leadership. The premier added that a provisional high committee had been set up to run the country and the Acting President was no longer recognized. Actually, control of what was left of the government passed over to the army, as ministers still in Phnom-Penh prepared to surrender to the advancing Khmer Rouge.

TIME’s Steven Heder, who has lived in Cambodia for the past 17 months, was among those who left with Operation Eagle Pull. From the *Okinawa*, he filed this report:

“The night before the evacuation it was pretty clear that the next day would be it. The American embassy spread word to newsmen who would go to gather at the Phnom Hotel. Phnom-Penh’s journalistic watering hole, at 7 a.m. The night was relatively calm. No Cambodians could have guessed that the U.S. was about to abandon them.

“Toward dawn I made my final tour of the front. I checked on the defenses of Pochentong airport. There had been some heavy fighting during the night, but there was nothing to indicate that the Khmer Rouge had made any significant breakthrough that would drastically change the military situation. Everywhere I went, soldiers were preparing as usual for another day of war. They brushed their teeth and cleaned their guns as on any other morning of the past five years.

“At the American embassy, however, it was not business as usual. The embassy gates were shut. Behind them stood Marines wearing civilian clothes and toting M-16s at the ready. The atmosphere was tense. By 8, evacuees began to arrive. Everybody was issued a little tag on which was printed his name and evacuation priority. Most people tied their tags to street buttons. A



GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS IN FOXHOLES WATCH SMOKE RISING FROM BARRACKS CAPTURED BY KHMER REBELS NORTH OF PHNOM-PENH
In a war that was all but over, there was not even enough leadership left to arrange a surrender.

few minutes before the evacuation was to begin, Saukam Khoy arrived with his family. He, too, wore a little tag.

"At 9 o'clock, nervous embassy officials gave the signal to move. Everybody was hustled out of the rear of the embassy and into waiting trucks. The trucks sped off to the soccer field, behind a block of apartments on the bank of the Mekong River, a quarter of a mile away. The Marines secured the field, and any Cambodian who was brave enough to come close was chased away with a snarl and a wave of an M-16.

Hottest Firefight. "Within minutes the first of the big CH-53 helicopters swung in. It touched down, and a group of waiting evacuees rushed toward it, only to have it take off again. Apparently, the helicopter's pilot wanted another chopper full of Marines to land and disgorge additional security before setting down. Three helicopters swooped down. Out of the first came a group of Marines who stormed out as if they were landing in the middle of the hottest firefight in the Indochina war. Later, aboard the *Okinawa*, a sailor explained: "The Marines were really psyched up because they were told to be ready for anything."

"Everybody who had arrived at the embassy at the specified time got out. The helicopters took off in waves for the carrier, the roar of the helicopter blades made any conversation impossible for the 70 minutes it took to get there from Phnom-Penh. Aboard ship, the evacuees were assigned bunks; in a classic military screw-up, many found that more than one person had been assigned to a berth. But that was eventually worked out, and the rest of the trip to Sattahip, Thailand, was serene."

At week's end, as the American presence faded out to sea, the situation in Cambodia was a confusing one. The

war was all but over. Nonetheless there was little progress toward arranging a negotiated peace settlement, partly because there was no real government leadership in Phnom-Penh to contact the Khmer Rouge. Before the evacuation, Deputy Premier Pan Sothy was asked who had been making the difficult decisions since the departure of President Lon Nol for Bali two weeks earlier. Pan Sothy paused, shrugged, then finally said: "That's a good question."

Peace negotiations depended to some degree on how and when the battle for Phnom-Penh would be resolved. Last week the insurgents gained nearly total control of the North Dike, a seven-mile dirt embankment that formed the northern defense line of the government forces. From there the Khmer Rouge fought southward to the village of Samrong Teav within two miles of Pochentong Airport, the capital's last supply link to the outside world. Unless government troops retake Samrong Teav, which seems unlikely, the Khmer Rouge are in position not only to close the airport by artillery fire but also to move on to the capital. East of the capital, the insurgents overran troops at Arey Khsat, a government outpost on the Mekong River two miles from the center of Phnom-Penh. To the south, attacks along the Bassac River forced government retreat to within nine miles of the capital.

As the prospect of a total military victory for the Khmer Rouge became all but inevitable, the need for government leaders capable of talking with the insurgents, if only to negotiate surrender, became correspondingly more urgent. Last week there were reports that Premier Long Boret had spoken with rebel leaders in Bangkok before returning to Phnom-Penh. The Khmer Rouge, however, have repeatedly said

that they would never negotiate with anyone associated with Lon Nol's right-wing Social Republican Party. Long Boret, moreover, is one of the seven "political criminals" that the insurgents have already condemned to death *in absentia*.

Before the evacuation, there had been some political maneuvering in Phnom-Penh to make way for a new government headed by leaders with whom the Khmer Rouge might deal. Until the military took over, the most likely replacement for Long Boret seemed to be Chau Sau, head of Cambodia's leftist Democratic Party and a former minister under exiled Prince Sihanouk. Neither Chau Sau nor any members of his party had been part of the government since the 1970 overthrow of Sihanouk.

Grim View. Chau Sau took a grim but realistic view: "There are only two possibilities left open to Cambodia. First, just letting the Communists come in, and second, attempting to get the Communists to agree to some kind of peace negotiations with an all-Democratic government." His hopes for a negotiated settlement rested on his awareness that "the Communists can win the war militarily, but they could still lose the peace" if they inherit a capital made uninhabitable and ungovernable by the ravages of a brutal siege.

Chau Sau told TIME's Heider that he had had no contact with the Khmer Rouge, but attempts to reach members of Sihanouk's government in exile through friends in Europe were reportedly already under way. Although there is no such thing as a graceful ending to five years of fratricidal bloodshed, it may still be possible to make the inevitable transfer of power in Phnom-Penh without subjecting its civilians to the ultimate tragedy of an all-out military assault.

BICENTENNIAL

The U.S. Begins Its Birthday Bash

*One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and
farm.*

*For the country folk to be up and to
arm*

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,
1860

This week in Boston retired Contractor Dino Di Carlo, 61, will don colonial-style breeches, waistcoat and peruke. Then he will mount a horse and head northwestward through suburban Middlesex County, re-enacting Paul Revere's ride 200 years earlier to warn Lexington and Concord that British troops were coming to seize the colonists' military supplies. Di Carlo's trip will be the first major commemorative event since the U.S. Bicentennial celebration officially began on March 1. It promises to be a gigantic birthday bash that will involve millions of Americans, from the largest cities to the tiniest hamlets, and spawn thousands of speeches, parades, pageants, school plays, fairs, exhibitions, TV shows, postage stamps, buttons, T-shirts and Jefferson knows what else before the party officially ends on Dec. 31, 1976.

Grinder and Beer. As closely as possible, Di Carlo will follow Revere's route. But the passage of two centuries and the organizers' desire to accommodate spectators have substantially altered conditions. The ride will begin at 9 a.m. on April 19 instead of the previous night, and originate from the Old North Church in Boston rather than

from Charlestown. Instead of passing through Longfellow's "meadows brown" and "village street," Di Carlo will ride through a typical 20th century urban sprawl (see map). If he wished, he could stop for a grinder at Mamma Lisa's Pizzeria House, a beer at Moriarty's Bar, a pound of chopped chicken liver at Levine's Kosher Meat Market or lunch at the China Bo Restaurant. He could wash his horse blanket at Lauderland or even trade in his steed for something with more horsepower at any of half a dozen automobile dealerships along the way. But Di Carlo will be spurred on by a schedule that permits no dallying, not even at the Paul Revere Liquor Mart.

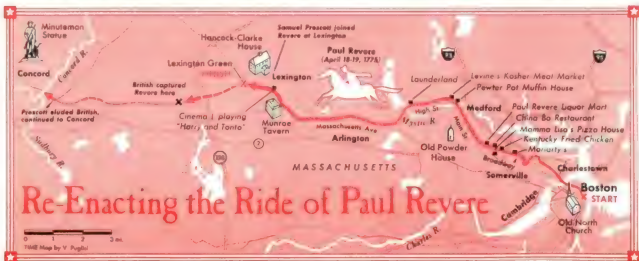
When he arrives in Lexington, by about 1 p.m., he will find that the battle began at 6 a.m. and ended long before he left Boston. On the Lexington Green, residents acting as the British redcoats will have routed neighbors dressed as Minutemen and marched off to participate in Concord's parade to the old North Bridge, the site of the second skirmish. Residents of both Lexington and Concord regard the hordes of tourists—up to 500,000 are expected—as the real enemy and are suitably prepared. There will be 200 portable toilets, 60 lunch stands, 19 Red Cross stations and 400 National Guardsmen standing by in case of trouble.

So it will go in communities across the country for the next 20 months, as the East and the South re-enact the major and some minor events of the Revolutionary period and the Middle West and Far West commemorate their regional history.

There will be no single national Bicentennial observance. A federal commission, which was later abolished by Congress for ineptitude, spent 6½ years arguing over an appropriate national celebration and finally recommended that there be none. To coordinate and stimulate state and local Bicentennial events, Congress set up the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration on Dec. 11, 1973. Its partial listing of nationwide activities fills a book about twice as thick as the Washington, D.C., telephone directory.

The U.S. Travel Service expects anniversary activities in cities and towns across the country to draw 30 million foreign visitors and untold numbers of Americans. During the summer of 1976, Washington, D.C., alone expects more than 330,000 overnight visitors each day v. the normal average of 200,000. Among the capital's Bicentennial attractions will be the National Gallery of Art's show of paintings, sketches and other items from the life of Thomas Jefferson, an amusement park planned for an island in the Anacostia River and the Smithsonian Institution's American Folklife Festival.

Uncle Sam Statues. Some activities are already under way. The American Freedom Train, carrying historic documents and artifacts in 24 cars, is making an 80-stop, cross-country tour. Hundreds of U.S. businesses are profitably joining the celebration with products using Bicentennial themes. Among other things, Americans can now buy red-white-and-blue toilet seats, mailboxes decorated with stars and stripes.





Bunker Hill 1775 by Trumbull

US Bicentennial IOCs

STAMP COMMEMORATING BUNKER HILL
Pizazz, gusto and imagination.

liquor in commemorative bottles, even commemorative 1776 locomotives for model train layouts, a bronze replica of the Liberty Bell and a \$25,000, 100-ft. statue of Uncle Sam made of hard rubber. In Rhode Island, Bicentennial Chairman George F. McDonald was convicted of soliciting a bribe from a firm that wanted his commission's endorsement of a design for jewelry.

For the most part, however, Americans have reacted in the spirit of the patriotic occasion, usually with pizazz and gusto and often with imagination. A region-by-region sampling of representative Bicentennial activities

THE EAST: The shots at Lexington and Concord are only the first in a series of historical re-enactments of Revolutionary War battles in the East. In the pre-dawn hours of May 10, 85 descendants of Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen and his followers, the Green Mountain Boys, will raft across Lake Champlain from Hands Cove, Vt., to retake Fort Ticonderoga.

For the sake of late-sleeping tourists, the group will stage the capture twice more during the day. Boston-area groups will reight the battle of Bunker Hill on June 14. New Jersey will carefully restage a series of battles this winter, including George Washington's crossing of the Delaware River on Christmas night 1776 to attack the Hessians at Trenton and his victory at Princeton on Jan. 3, 1777.

Philadelphia will put on one of the biggest anniversary windings of them all: 200 special events costing \$200 million and 58 public-works projects costing \$172.4 million. The city expects nearly 60 million visitors in 1976. The major exhibit will open next year. It is a \$13 million Living History Center that depicts 200 years of U.S. history through a series of world's fair-style exhibits and films. In addition, the National Park Service is renovating the area around Independence Hall, building a pavilion for the Liberty Bell and painstakingly reconstructing five houses once owned by Benjamin Franklin.

Other Eastern states have restoration projects but on a much smaller scale. The National Park Service is rebuilding Fort Stanwix at Rome, N.Y., where American forces in August 1777 repulsed a British invasion. New York City is restoring nine blocks of 18th and 19th century buildings near the South Street Seaport Museum, which exhibits ships dating from the late 19th century. Joining them by July 4, 1976, will be a number of sailing ships from a fleet of about 60 that will leave Plymouth, England, on May 2, 1976, and stop at Portugal, the Canary Islands, Bermuda and Newport, R.I.

Among other Eastern activities Rome, N.Y., is building a tomb to house the bones of eight unknown Revolutionary War soldiers whose remains were unearthed during a sewer construction project.

THE SOUTH: The Georgia State Chamber of Commerce has been urging people to "stay and see America in Georgia." In the same spirit, many of the region's Bicentennial activities are intended to emphasize that the South's contribution to colonial and Revolutionary America was just as important as the North's. On June 28, 1976, Charleston will mark the battle of Fort Sullivan, one of the first major colonial victories. North Carolina is rewriting its eighth- and ninth-grade history textbooks, using as major source materials the Halifax Resolve, in favor of independence, which its provincial assembly voted on April 12, 1776, and other historical state documents.

Virginia plans special exhibits at Thomas Jefferson's Monticello, George Washington's Mount Vernon, and Williamsburg, which was the colonial cap-

ital. In addition, the state has established historical centers at Alexandria, Charlottesville and Yorktown, where a victorious Washington accepted the final British surrender.

New Orleans is restoring five buildings in the market area of the city's 18th century French Quarter. New Orleans and St. Louis are sponsoring a paddle-wheel steamboat that will take theatrical productions to small towns along the Mississippi River; it will arrive at New Orleans in time for a July 4, 1976, Bicentennial ceremony. Alabama has laid out a 2,000-mile route that will take visitors to 200 historical sites, including the George Washington Carver Museum in Tuskegee and the capital of the Confederacy in Montgomery.

THE MIDDLE WEST: One of a handful of the region's communities that date from the 18th century, Detroit will re-enact on July 24 the 1701 landing of its founder, French Explorer Antoine Laumet la Mothe Cadillac. But many Midwestern communities that want to emphasize regional history in their Bicentennial celebrations have had to draw on the events of a century after the Revolution. In Indianapolis, the state museum is constructing a diorama portraying the exploits of Frontiersman George Rogers Clark. A group in Chicago is restoring several turn-of-the-century mansions that were once owned by such business giants as Merchant Marshall Field and Railroad Car Manufacturer George Pullman. Downstate Illinois is threatened with a surfeit of Lincolniana. About 25 communities plan to commemorate Lincoln, including Springfield, where the state is setting up a lavish \$600,000 sound-and-light show in the Old State Capitol Building that

SCHOOLCHILDREN STUDY A REPLICA OF AN 18TH CENTURY GUN IN ROCKVILLE CENTRE, N.Y.



THE NATION

will recount key events in his life.

Other Midwesterners have found ways to give a local twist to Revolutionary themes. Bedford, Ind., has commissioned a 21-ft.-long statue, to be made from its famed limestone, of George Washington crossing the Delaware. Explorer Scouts in Topeka plan to pilot an airplane along the perimeter of the U.S. ending in Philadelphia on July 4, 1976. Civic groups in Libertyville, Ill., are painting about 50 fireplugs to represent Revolutionary War heroes.

Nebraska has commissioned a dozen American artists to create pieces of outdoor sculpture at rest stops along an interstate highway. About 1,000 elementary schoolchildren from suburban Kettering, Ohio, will dress in red, white and blue clothing on July 4, 1976, to re-create the human flag that welcomed the Wright brothers home in 1909.

THE WEST: Washington State plans to buy a private collector's life mask of George Washington, one of three in existence, for about \$375,000 and display it in the state capital, Olympia, by July 4, 1976. But most Bicentennial projects in the West are drawn from the region's own history and heritage. Alaskans are rebuilding the Tlingit and Haida tribal houses in Angoon and restoring a log headquarters built in 1793 by Russian fur traders in Kodiak. Hawaiians are constructing a 60-ft., double-hulled sailing canoe in which a crew of 24 will leave on April 1, 1976, for a month-long voyage to Tahiti and back to demonstrate how the Polynesians discovered the Hawaiian Islands.

Some mainland projects are based on the West's Spanish heritage. Sponsored by Arizona and California, some 240 men, women and children will leave Horcasitas, Mexico, on Sept. 25 for a nine-month trek by horse and wagon to re-enact the 1775-76 expedition that settled the San Francisco Bay area and established Mission Dolores and the Presidio. Along the way, the wagons will stop for Bicentennial celebrations in several Southwestern cities. San Jose is recreating a 19th century ambience in six square blocks and twelve buildings, including a firehouse, hardware store and bank. Los Angeles has lined up Comedians Dick and Tom Smothers, former Astronaut Scott Carpenter, former Professional Football Star Roosevelt Grier and a dozen others to design and sew a Bicentennial Celebrity Quilt.

But the West has not overlooked its heritage from the East. On June 8, 1975, a Conestoga-style covered-wagon train will leave Blaine, Wash., for a cross-country trek along routes that the pioneers used to migrate West. The wagons will join others in Valley Forge, Pa., on July 3, in time for the Bicentennial's climactic moment in Philadelphia: a parade with units from all 50 states and a massive fireworks show that will mark the 200th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

TRIALS

Some Circulatory Problems

Striding back and forth across the Washington courtroom, lacing his low, even voice at ripe moments with sarcasm and incredulity, Defense Counsel Edward Bennett Williams bored away at the witness in 5½ relentless hours of cross-examination. The target of Williams' searching volley of questions was Attorney Jake Jacobsen, principal accuser of Williams' distinguished client John B. Connally, 58, three times Governor of Texas and former Secretary of the Treasury. Connally stands charged with accepting a \$10,000 gratuity from Jacobsen as a payoff for influencing President Nixon to increase

dile, but FBI agents discovered that it contained 16 bills with serial numbers that had not been in circulation in 1971. That disclosure caused Jacobsen to make a deal with prosecutors and agree to testify against Connally.

Without frontally assaulting any of Jacobsen's claims, Williams managed to wrest a damaging series of admissions from him. Williams asked Jacobsen to go through the 280 bills that made up the first \$10,000 for those bearing the signature of George Shultz, Connally's successor as Treasury Secretary, and 49 of them did. If Jacobsen's story is true, it seems puzzling indeed that Connally

blundered by including so many Shultz bills. The purpose of the alleged exercise, after all, was to make it seem the money had been in Jacobsen's safe-deposit box all along. Under Williams' tough cross-examination, Jacobsen also acknowledged that Associated Milk Producers Lobbyist Bob Lilly had given him a third \$5,000 for Connally, but that he had no "firm recollection" of actually having passed the money on; that he had told investigative bodies on several occasions that Connally had taken no money from him, and that he had once written Connally a letter warmly expressing gratitude for Connally's friendship and kindness. Williams even charged that Jacobsen had once agreed to give evidence against President Lyndon B. Johnson, whom Jacobsen served as legal counsel from 1965 to 1967, in a case Williams did not



WILLIAMS & CONNALLY ON THE WAY TO COURT
Elaborate, bewildering monetary testimony.

federal milk price supports in 1971.

Jacobsen has testified that he gave Connally the \$10,000 in two \$5,000 installments in 1971 on behalf of Associated Milk Producers, Inc., the nation's largest dairy cooperative and a big contributor to Nixon's 1972 campaign. When it appeared that federal investigators were about to discover the gift, Jacobsen said, the pair agreed to formulate a false story that the money had remained in Jacobsen's safe-deposit box in an Austin, Texas, bank. On Oct. 29, 1973, said Jacobsen, Connally gave him \$10,000 back, which Jacobsen placed in the safe-deposit box. But it was not the original \$10,000, and, according to Jacobsen, Connally grew anxious that some of the bills had been circulated after 1971. Connally gave him yet another \$10,000 on Nov. 25, 1973, Jacobsen told the court, to replace the first bun-

name. Jacobsen denied the accusation, and the matter was dropped.

Chief Prosecutor Frank Tuerkheimer, heading up the Watergate special prosecutor's team, then called twelve U.S. Federal Reserve Bank officials to verify that the bills that made up the second \$10,000 that FBI agents confiscated from Jacobsen could have been in circulation by Oct. 29, 1973. In carefully elaborate questioning, however, Williams established that they might also not have been. So elaborate did the testimony bearing on monetary circulation become that even U.S. District Judge George Hart expressed bewilderment, saying at one point to Tuerkheimer, "I guess you and Mr. Williams know what you are doing. I don't." On that far from secure note, the Government rested its case, and the defense will have its turn this week.

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Juice of ½ lemon.
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garnish with a
fresh strawberry.

Apricot Sour
1½ oz. Hiram Walker
Apricot Flavored Brandy.
Juice of ½ lemon.
Shake vigorously
with shaved ice,
strain into
on-the-rocks glass.
Top with cherry.

Sombrero
Pour 1½ oz.
Hiram Walker
Coffee Flavored Brandy
and 3 oz. milk into
a shaker with ice.
Shake and pour,
unstrained, into an
on-the-rocks glass.



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ATLANTA

A Mayor Learning on the Job

When Maynard Jackson took office as mayor of Atlanta last year, it was familiarly known as "the city too busy to hate." That is still largely true, but blacks and whites are not getting along as well as they used to, and Jackson, the first black mayor ever elected in the city, is being blamed.

A jovial 300-pounder with a gift for the grandiloquent phrase so esteemed in the South, Jackson, 37, appeared to have the qualities to keep Atlanta growing and prospering in harmony. But he has had a falling out with some portions of the Atlanta establishment—a group of civic-minded businessmen whose power has waned over recent years. The *Atlanta Constitution*, long known for its moderate liberalism on race, recently ran a seven-part all-out attack on the mayor. And some whites feel that he has now firmly tilted toward the city's black constituency. "In the white community, they think he is a black mayor for the black community," says Architect-Developer John Portman, a Jackson supporter. "He's perceived as taking every issue and turning it into a race issue. His biggest problem right now is raising white confidence. He has absolutely none."

Tactical Blunders. Jackson's troubles are not all of his own making. The urban crisis has finally overtaken Atlanta. Poor blacks and whites have streamed in from the countryside, and more affluent whites have fled to the suburbs. Schools are deteriorating and crime is increasing. With blacks now making up 55% of the population, Jackson has understandably shifted some power in their direction. He has brought community groups into bargaining sessions and increased city purchases from black businesses.

But he has also made his share of tactical blunders. "Maynard's forte is clearly not bureaucratic management," admits David Franklin, a lawyer who advises him. Last year Jackson pledged not to increase property taxes. More recently he decided that if he could not raise more revenue, "there won't be enough money to fill the potholes in the streets." With no advance warning, he came out in favor of a stiff 15% increase in the property tax. When the city council cut his request by half, he exploded in anger, calling the vote a "victory for the rich against the poor." Com-

plained a white businessman: "Here we're trying like hell to get confidence and trust going both ways, and he does a thing like that. People don't know who the real Jackson is."

Causing more controversy than taxes is the struggle over the largely white police force. Jackson made a pledge to bring the men in blue under his control. But when he tried to fire Police Chief John Inman, he was balked. Inman successfully sought an injunction preventing his removal until the courts decided whether Jackson had the constitutional right under a new city charter to oust him. Three months later, the state supreme court upheld the mayor, but by then Inman had become too entrenched a figure to be removed. Instead, Jackson made an appointment to a new charter-created post above police chief—commissioner of public safety. He chose an old college chum, Reginald Eaves, a black who had served as Boston's penal commissioner.

Eaves became more of a headache than Inman. When the "superchief's" 20-year-old nephew landed a job under the federal public service employment program, he confided how he did it: "My uncle told me who to see at city hall." The man Eaves picked as his personal secretary turned out to have a long police record. Eaves explained that he had hired the secretary to help rehabilitate him. But Jackson was unsympathetic: "I was surprised, to say the least." Both the nephew and the secretary lost their

jobs. Jackson did not criticize Eaves in public; he credited his superchief with holding the rate of increase in serious crime to 7.9%—less than half the national average. Nevertheless, he has made up his mind to fire Eaves.

Jackson's manner sometimes troubles blacks as well as whites. Says City Councilman James Bond, brother of State Senator Julian Bond: "It's not that he's made bad decisions; it's just that he's made them without consulting anybody." Many of Jackson's setbacks can be attributed to inexperience, and there are signs that he is learning on the job. He mediated adroitly between blacks and whites to win acceptance of an integrated housing project near downtown Atlanta. "He knew how to make himself a scapegoat for everybody," says Carl Bassett, an attorney who participated in the negotiations.

Singing Praises. In response to criticism from the business community, Jackson has made a series of out-of-state trips with the president of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce to try to attract new firms to the city. Last week the pair were in Paris singing the praises of their biracial home town. Jackson has also reacted diplomatically to what promises to be the most explosive issue in the near future: whether to incorporate adjacent communities into the city of Atlanta. Such a move would increase the city's tax base, but it would also dilute black voting strength since the new areas would be mainly white. Jackson has indicated that he would support consolidation on "terms that I can sell to the black community"—meaning not reducing the black vote to less than 45%. For all his missteps so far, the mayor remains determined to keep Atlanta too busy to hate.

MAYOR JACKSON AT GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY



COMMUNITY RELATIONS

Living In

Investigating a robbery report in the *barrio* in Riverside, Calif., a police patrol car sighted some possible suspects: a group of Chicanos packed in a gaudily painted Chevy. One of the cops barked the usual command: "Everyone out with your hands in sight!" As the Chicanos emerged, the policeman's jaw dropped. Among the suspects was a fellow cop, Gerald Carroll, outfitted in jeans and dark glasses, his blond hair hidden under a knitted cap. Carroll hastily explained. He was living among the Chicanos as part of a program sponsored by the Riverside police department; he was just out for a ride with his new friends. Afterward Carroll described his feelings on being confronted by a cop: "My emotions were of fear, of apprehension, and of being at the other end of the stick."

That sort of perception is exactly the point of the department's course, an unusual program conceived by Riverside



RIVERSIDE PATROLMAN ROBITZER (LEFT) AT BREAKFAST WITH CHICANO FAMILY. Tripe soup, raw eggs and a degree of culture shock.

Police Chief R. Fred Ferguson and his staff. He has been worried by the persisting clashes and lack of cooperation between his cops and the 18,000 Mexican-Americans who live in the city. The cops regard the high-crime area as enemy territory bristling with real and imagined dangers; the Chicanos view the police as alien, brutal oppressors who despise their way of life.

Coffee for Breakfast. The get-to-know-the-*barrio* program starts with a 40-hour crash course in Chicano history and culture at Loma Linda University. The policemen learn about Mexican character, art, music and food. They go to a town south of the border for two weeks to study Spanish. The live-in phase of the program is optional. "It's not fair to mandate that kind of emotional experience," says Ferguson. Some 50 policemen have taken the Chicano course; eight have stayed with a family and several more volunteers are waiting their turn. "A lot of guys think they're going to be with someone who'll cut their throats," says Patrolman Mike Robitzer, the first cop to live in. He emerged from his three-day, two-night stint without a scratch. Joining an eleven-member family with a father on welfare, he experienced a degree of culture shock. He shared a drafty enclosed patio with a teen-age son. For his first breakfast he was offered "eggs and orange juice." He happily accepted until he noticed that the raw eggs were in the juice. With this came a bowl of brown soup. What, Robitzer gently inquired, was that? *Menudo*, was the reply, or tripe soup. Robitzer settled for coffee. Conversation did not come easily in the beginning, but eventually there came a breakthrough. Says Robitzer: "Somehow we managed to talk about ev-

erything from police brutality to life in Mexico."

In the course of their *barrio* sojourn, the police made some surprising cross-cultural discoveries. Women's lib, for example, has not yet penetrated the *barrio*. The father remains the head of the household in all matters; he and the other males are even served their meals first. The women eat later.

Ferguson is not expecting dramatic overnight changes in police-Chicano relations. But already at least one potential explosion was defused by the live-in sessions. Shortly after his *barrio* stint, Carroll was arresting a Chicano who attempted to rob a store. As usual, a jeering mob gathered and started heckling the patrolman. Then he recognized a youth he had met while living in the *barrio*. The two men exchanged greetings; the crowd grew silent and slowly melted away. "All of a sudden, the hostility was gone," recalls Carroll. He adds: "We all have these preconceived ideas. You see a car full of Chicanos with their long hair and their dress, and they look pretty bad. Now I'm a little more open-minded about what I do. A little more walk-around-in-my-moccasins type of thing."

INVESTIGATIONS

A Wealth of Enemies

"Ongoing, widespread, systematic and occurring at all levels." That is how a 1974 Pennsylvania crime-commission report described police corruption in Philadelphia, whose Democratic mayor, Frank Rizzo, is a tough law-and-order ex-cop. Rizzo's rival in the state capital, Democratic Governor Milton Shapp and his political allies in Phil-

THE NATION

adelphia saw a chance to score two points: clean up the graft-ridden police department and discredit Rizzo at the same time. To accomplish these aims, Shapp turned to a device that is becoming increasingly popular as a way of policing the police and the criminal-justice system. His administration appointed a special prosecutor, a figure above the political squabbles and beholden to no man, the contemporary equivalent of the legendary Western marshal who rode into town to bring law-and-order and rode out again when his job was done.

On the advice of a panel of law school deans, Walter M. Phillips Jr., 36, the son of a prominent Philadelphia family, was chosen. Phillips had been a dedicated, dogged prosecutor of Mafia racketeers in Manhattan as Assistant U.S. Attorney heading up the narcotics unit.

Once on the job in Philadelphia, the new prosecutor found himself in the middle of a factional political war between Rizzo's forces and those answering to the Democratic city committee chairman Peter Cami. Phillips offended both factions by allying himself with neither and prosecuting malefactors in both camps. Though he has obtained indictments against six cops, he has also bagged numerous state and local officials who have been charged with offenses ranging from bribery to extortion to theft of public property. Fifteen members of the state department of transportation, including the regional superintendent in Philadelphia, were charged with submitting pay vouchers for hours they had never worked. To date, a total of 42 individuals have been indicted. Seven have been convicted or have pleaded guilty; none have been acquitted.

Pay Dirt. Pennsylvania Democrats never dreamed that Phillips would take his job so seriously or do it so well. He has become a threatening figure—too dangerous to keep around. Last summer the state legislature refused to appropriate funds for his office, though Phillips continued to survive largely because of grants from the Federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. But if state money is not voted before July 1, the beginning of the next fiscal year, Phillips will lose his federal funding as well.

Scarcely intimidated by the prospect of being fired, both barrels still blazing, Phillips was stalking bigger prey last week. An investigating grand jury has recommended the indictment of Hillel Levinson, Philadelphia's managing director, on a number of charges, including extortion. Complained Levinson's boss, Frank Rizzo: "A raw, naked power play." Retorted Phillips: "The effort to sink us can be attributed to the fact that we are hitting pay dirt. Our investigations have got closer to those who wield political power, and that makes people in power uncomfortable."

ISRAEL

Doves v. Hawks: A Growing Debate

Israel last week discovered itself in the unusually uncomfortable position of being on the diplomatic defensive. In the hiatus that followed the breakdown of peace talks with Egypt, Anwar Sadat had neatly seized the initiative. Egypt's President announced that—even without a further withdrawal of Israeli forces in the Sinai—he would reopen the Suez Canal on June 5. Then Sadat agreed unilaterally to an extension of the peace-keeping mandate of 4,000 blue-helmeted United Nations troops, which was due to expire April 24. He also made public the release of the bodies of 39 Israelis killed during the October war.

Israelis complained that Sadat was being less than beneficent in each case—he tried to hide the fact for instance that he was getting back 112 Egyptians held in Israeli prisons in exchange for the bodies—but they were nevertheless stung by the implications of his strategy. More than that, they were still seething that the special relationship between Jerusalem and Washington had been clouded by public charges on President Ford's part and private accusations from Secretary of State Henry Kissinger that it was Israel rather than Egypt that had deadlocked Kissinger's step-by-step peacemaking after 15 days of shuttle diplomacy last month.

New Concessions. Thus Premier Yitzhak Rabin's government last week decided to demonstrate some diplomatic initiative of its own. From Jerusalem came reports that the government was considering new Sinai concessions in order to resume the Kissinger talks. Foreign Minister Yigal Allon, bound for the U.S. to make some fund-raising appearances, persuaded Kissinger to receive him in Washington in order to emphasize Israel's willingness to continue negotiations.

Inside Israel, debate is growing over what caused the talks to fail and what ought to be done next. Ironically, the suspension of the negotiations was a personal blessing for Rabin; Israel's refusal to accept Sadat's terms gave the Premier his highest popularity rating in political polls since he took office last year. Nonetheless, the government was under fire from both left and right for lack of foresight and policy. "We are a crazy people," suggested Author Yoram Kaniuk, a critic on the left. "The talks fall through, and Yitzhak Rabin becomes a national hero."

Essentially, the debate is between Israeli doves on the left, who seek compromise with the Arabs, and hawks from

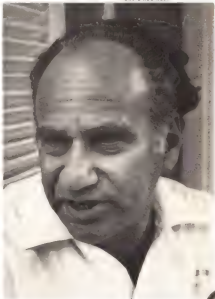
the conservative right, who believe that Israel should concede almost nothing. About the only things they agree upon are Rabin's lack of policy and the essential requisite that Israel not surrender any territory without peace agreements. They are far apart on how much territory to give up and the mechanics of reaching peace.

Two of the most eloquent doves are Uri Avneri, 51, editor of the weekly

but to retreat, and that may well bring him down."

Says Eliav, who is known by friends as "Lyova," or "Lion," and who describes himself as a dove with talons: "It did not take any courage for the government to say no to a half-crippled Kissinger who had Viet Nam falling on his head. But it would take courage to adopt a policy. The question is not so much one of substance but of approach." Like Av-

DAVID R. H. REEF



ISRAELI HAWK ARIEL SHARON; TALONED DOVE ARIE ELIAV

Some seek compromise with the Arabs; others concede almost nothing.

Hu'alam Hazeh, and Knesset Member Arie Eliav, 53, former secretary-general of the Labor Party, who resigned his membership last month protesting that Rabin's Labor-dominated coalition government was "bereft of all vision." Avneri, who has long pursued a private dialogue with Arab intellectuals, believes that Israel ought to recognize the Palestine Liberation Organization before Washington does, which would foreclose Israeli options. He believes that Israel should withdraw to its 1949 borders, recognize a Palestinian state on the West Bank, and sign a peace treaty in return for Arab recognition of Israeli sovereignty. Avneri faults Rabin for being at once too anti-Soviet and too negative to Kissinger's proposals. "If the government does not want to recognize the Palestinians and it wants to keep its anti-Soviet line, how can it risk a break with the U.S.?" Rabin will have no recourse

neri. Eliav would make a broad-scale offer to the Arabs: return of all occupied territories in exchange for full peace, including treaties, diplomatic relations, economic ties and demilitarized zones. "We should tell Egypt it can have all of Sinai back," he says. "We should tell Syria it can have the Golan Heights. We should also tell 2½ million Palestinian Arabs that they have the right to self-determination in a state east of ours including the West Bank and Gaza." Eliav would retain Israeli sovereignty over all of Jerusalem but expand the growing city by taking in Ramallah in the north and Bethlehem in the south. He explains: "There might then be a place for an Arab capital in a greater Jerusalem."

Eliav's views to a large extent are rejected by hawks like former General Ariel ("Arik") Sharon, the Israeli Patton who turned a 1973 setback in the Sinai into victory by rolling his armor

THE WORLD

across the Suez Canal. He says, "We must explain to the Arabs what is vital to us and make them an offer on a take-it-or-leave-it basis." He would acknowledge Egypt's sovereign right to the Sinai, for instance, but would insist upon a gradual withdrawal of Israeli forces over a 20-year period. He would annex the West Bank to Israel and "turn over the territory east of the Jordan River"—meaning Jordan—to the Palestinians. "The only foreigner in Palestine is King Hussein," Sharon maintains. "The Israelis and Palestinians have been here for centuries." The Jewish state of Israel, he insists, must face the reality of living with a large Arab minority. Sharon would allow Arabs a blunt choice of three alternatives: to become Israeli citizens; to remain as "permanent residents" without citizenship, as some 80,000 others (many of them American Jews) already do; or to leave. "I am ready to talk to anyone—Palestinians, Syrians, anyone—for peace," he says. "That includes Yasser Arafat, although I think we should have killed him long ago."

Unwanted Crisis. The policy debate within Israel is bound to grow more bitter, especially since recent polls indicate that 75% of Israelis do not believe their government is doing enough to defend its position abroad. For that matter, 50% do not feel that the Cabinet, despite Rabin's spurt in popularity, has adequately explained its views at home. As the right and left become more strident, that could precipitate an untimely and unwanted political crisis.

CHIANG'S BODY LYING IN STATE



TAIWAN

Surviving with the Other Chiang

"Even the heavens are weeping for President Chiang." That was the poetic phrase used by many Chinese in Taipei last week to describe the incessant downpour that accompanied the paying of respects to the late President Chiang Kai-shek (TIME, April 14). For many—especially the veteran Nationalists who followed Chiang to Taiwan after the Communists took control of the mainland in 1949—his passing was a wrenching emotional experience.

Groups of mourners, some sobbing, bowed ritually before a flower-bedecked altar set up at the presidential residence four miles from the capital. Then at midweek, Chiang's body was carried along a 15-mile procession route past an estimated 500,000 people to the Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall in downtown Taipei. There, to the accompaniment of piped-in elegiac music, thousands walked past the open coffin. The Generalissimo's body was clothed in a black Chinese gown with the red sash of the republic's highest order across his chest; his face, thin and white, bore a slight smile and showed no sign of the heart and bladder disease that had made him an invalid and recluse for most of the three years before his death at the age of 87.

Chiang's body will be "temporarily interred" at Tzu Lake, a favored scenic spot 25 miles south of Taipei, until the "recovery of the mainland" permits permanent burial in his old capital at Nanjing or in his native Chekiang province. Meanwhile, all of Taiwan will observe an obligatory mourning period for 30 days. Flags will fly at half-mast; all places of public entertainment will be closed by government order.

Real Power. Few people in Taiwan expected Chiang's passing to have much effect on the country's future. Real power had already been given to the Generalissimo's eldest son, Chiang Ching-kuo, 65, who became Premier three years ago (Vice President C.K. Yen, who succeeds Chiang Kai-shek as President, is expected to be little more than a figurehead). Chiang Ching-kuo is unlikely to change his father's adamant refusal to negotiate any kind of political settlement with the Communists in Peking.

In other areas, though, he has proved to be a more flexible and perhaps even more popular leader than the iron-willed, authoritarian Chiang Kai-shek. He has diffused the force of a Taiwanese independence movement by encouraging native islanders, who make up 85% of Taiwan's population of 16 million, to join both the ruling Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) and the government.

Chiang Ching-kuo, as a former director of the secret police, has not exactly turned the island into the bastion of freedom that the Kuomintang claims it is. There are more than 1,000 political



CHIANG'S WIDOW & SON
The heir is more flexible.

prisoners, the press is closely supervised, and foreign books and magazines reporting favorably on the People's Republic are censored. But Chiang has managed to maintain a level of economic growth that has given Taiwan the highest standard of living in East Asia after Japan. The prosperity of the native Taiwanese business class, moreover, has helped to reduce their resentment of mainland rule.

The government's chief long-range worry is that the world diplomatic shift in favor of Peking will make it impossible for Taiwan to remain separate from the mainland. The biggest problem is the attitude of the U.S., the only major industrial nation that still formally recognizes Taipei. At first, Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz—a low-ranking emissary in light of Chiang's historical importance—was considered to head the U.S. delegation to the funeral. That slight was corrected when Vice President Rockefeller replaced Butz. Japan, which last year broke off relations with Taiwan, is sending former Prime Minister and Nobel Peace prizewinner Eisaku Sato. Understandably, the Taipei government is concerned about President Ford's proposed trip to Peking later this year. One fear is that Ford will have to agree to further progress toward "normalization of relations" with the mainland—perhaps including recognition of

ENDANGERED SPECIES



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TRIUMPH 

THE WORLD

Peking—in order to justify the trip.

Still, most people on Taiwan remain convinced that Washington will not completely abandon the island. They feel that the U.S., which has investments in Taiwan worth \$475 million, will retain a political presence in Taipei, at least in the form of a liaison office, and will let Peking know that it would strongly disapprove of a military takeover of Taiwan. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's view is that the Communists are preoccupied with the Soviet threat along China's northern and western borders. Thus they are unlikely to insist on the "liberation" of Taiwan as a price for Sino-U.S. détente. Then too there is the sticky question of the 1954 Mutual Defense Treaty between the U.S. and Taiwan. Peking would probably insist that the U.S. renounce the treaty as part of a normalization agreement, but Ford, concerned about conservative support at home, is unlikely to agree to that just before a presidential election campaign.

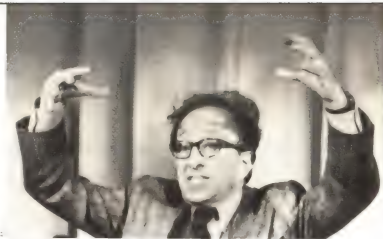
Taiwan, with a 500,000-man army and one of the best air forces in the world, could put up stiff resistance to any invasion from the mainland. Peking might succeed in an all-out effort to take the island by force, but only after a brutal and costly war that China can now ill afford. Despite the vigorous claims on both sides of the Straits of Taiwan that there is only one China, there are likely to be two of them for some time to come.

PORTUGAL

Those Friendly Russians

Despite his unusually low-keyed manner, Portuguese Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves could not conceal his anxiety about the troubled days his country faces. In a wide-ranging press conference last week in Lisbon, the intense, hard-driven Premier 1) announced a plan to make the Armed Forces Movement and its 28-member Revolutionary Council a formal part of the government for up to five years; 2) pledged that Lisbon would continue its commitment to NATO, although he added that the Lajes airbase in the Azores could not be used to resupply Israel in the event of a new Middle East war; and 3) warned that multinational corporations opposed to Portugal's "transition to socialism" have tried to damage the country's economy by withdrawing investment, and that a financial boycott by Western powers might follow.

The Armed Forces Movement's insistence upon a pact guaranteeing its control of the country's immediate political future came inopportunistly in the midst of campaigning for the constituent assembly to be chosen next week. Gonçalves explained that the pact was necessary in order to preserve "the victories we have obtained in various fields, political



PREMIER VASCO GONÇALVES AT PRESS CONFERENCE IN LISBON
Frankly anxious about the troubled days ahead.

ical and economic." Six of the country's twelve legal political parties ratified the plan, but some did so simply to prevent the M.F.A. from becoming a "prisoner of the Communist Party." That may happen anyway. Under the present terms of the pact, the M.F.A.-dominated Revolutionary Council will be the highest body in the land, with powers to both legislate and administer. The new President of Portugal will be chosen by an electoral college composed of 240 civilians and 240 military men. The Communists are not expected to win the election (the polls give them only about 10% of the vote), but they do have strong support within the armed forces.

Washington has adopted an exceedingly low profile toward Portugal, hoping that the West Europeans would take the diplomatic initiative. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt has proposed that the European Economic Community mount a joint effort to support Portugal's moderates with increased aid, trade ties and cultural links, but so far it has not got off the ground. What worries many Western observers is the growing attention paid to Lisbon's leftist government by the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe.

Within three months after last April's revolution, the Soviets had established a skeleton embassy staff under Ambassador Arnold I. Kallinin, 45, a smooth diplomat who had previously served as chargé d'affaires in Havana. Today the Russian embassy has an official staff of 15—roughly the same size as the American mission. Perhaps more important, there are about 120 Russians and non-diplomats employed as administrative staff and as representatives of Aeroflot, Tass and the Novotny Bank.

Little Help. How much help the Soviets are giving to Portugal's resurgent Communist Party is a matter of conjecture in Lisbon. Some estimates put the figure at \$40 million to \$50 million over the past year, much of it donated by Russian and East European trade union movements. Most Western diplomats believe that the highly organized Portuguese party, which survived five decades of underground existence under right-

wing dictatorship, needs little outside financial help. "The Portuguese Communist Party does not need money," insists one diplomat. "The party is getting money from the banks, from private businesses. Since the banks are now operated by Communist-controlled unions, no one is going to say anything about it."

Octavio Pato, Portugal's No. 1 Communist after Party Chief Alvaro Cunhal, told TIME's Martha de la Cal, "The money the party receives comes from its members and from contributions we get at rallies." The party's exact membership is a secret, but Western diplomats estimate it to be about 15,000. Pato added that when the party needs furniture or a car with driver, a notice asking for volunteers is simply put up on the headquarters' bulletin boards, and they always come forward.

Credit Terms. Soviet embassy staffers have established close relations with senior officials in such key ministries as finance, agriculture, fisheries and labor, offering advice and technical help. Says one Western analyst: "The main effort of the Soviet diplomats in Lisbon is being channeled in this direction rather than in guiding the Communist Party or engaging in large-scale KGB [Soviet secret police] activities." Beyond that, Warsaw Pact nations, led by Moscow, are now giving Portugal considerable economic aid in the form of favorable trade agreements and generous credit terms. Lisbon recently agreed to buy 1 million tons of crude oil from Russia, and has made other deals with East bloc nations for the purchase of commodities.

Despite the Soviet Union's pursuit of economic and political influence, few diplomats in Lisbon see the immediate danger of a Czechoslovakia- or Cuba-style coup. For one thing, foreign observers think it unlikely that Moscow would want to assume the burden of supporting the poorest country in Western Europe. For another, a Communist triumph in Portugal would threaten Moscow's policy of accommodation with the West. Indeed, London and Washington have warned the Soviets that an attempted Communist takeover in Lisbon would not only strike a "severe" blow at détente

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but might jeopardize the upcoming European Security Conference summit and Moscow's long-sought aim to formalize its borders with Europe.

The Russians would probably be satisfied with a coalition of left-wing militants and moderates pursuing a neutralist foreign policy. This does not mean that Portugal would necessarily pull out of NATO, in which it is a militarily feeble partner. Lisbon's contribution to European defense strategy has always been minimal, the Lajes base in the Azores and the Iberian communications center are useful but are not today regarded by NATO experts as essential to the Continent's defense. Nonetheless, Portugal's loss to NATO could be serious, both symbolically and psychologically, should it come about either through formal withdrawal or because of anti-Western policies in Lisbon.

AFRICA

The Drought Revisited

Two years ago, an estimated quarter of a million people died from the effects of a terrible drought that swept across the mid-section of Africa, from the arid states of the Sahel (Mauritania, Senegal, Gambia, Upper Volta, Mali, Niger and Chad) to Ethiopia. Except for the Cape Verde Islands off Senegal, where the danger of starvation is still imminent, the immediate danger in West Africa has declined. The drought, however, has moved steadily eastward to threaten another cluster of states extending from Ethiopia and Somalia, on the Horn of Africa, to Kenya and Tanzania.

In West Africa, the problem today is largely one of recovering from the drought. Last year at least 50,000 people in the region perished, not so much from outright starvation as from years of cumulative malnutrition that made them susceptible to such diseases as measles, meningitis, pneumonia and endemic diarrhea. In 1974 it took more than 1 million tons of imported grain (about half of it supplied by the U.S.) to keep Sahelians alive, and 382,000 tons will be needed this year. But another 50,000 or so people will surely die anyway because their bodies are too weak to resist disease.

Corrupt Practices. Roughly one-fourth of all the relief grain has been lost—to spoilage, to pests and animals, or to thievery and corruption. Several West African regimes—including those in Mali, Upper Volta and Niger—cracked down hard on corruption last year, jailing and even executing dishonest soldiers who were supervising relief. But corrupt practices continued in Chad, where relief food was again diverted to feed the military, and unscrupulous truckers charged high rates for their services. By contrast, the distribution was efficient and honest in Mauritania, where desert Arab honor inhibits stealing and profiteering.

Depending on the amount and distribution of the rains, the Sahel will not be faced with famine this year—at least until fall. Much of eastern Africa, however, is already threatened. Despite moderate rains last year, four of Ethiopia's 14 provinces have massive hunger problems. The worst-hit areas are Eritrea, where the civil war between government forces and rebel soldiers of the province's independence movement has driven farmers from parched fields, and the Danakil desert of northeastern Ethiopia. As many as 600,000 people in the two areas may be threatened by starvation.

Part of the relief problem has to do with credibility. Officials in Addis Ababa insisted last November that 200,000 tons of free, imported relief grain would be needed this year. Some sympathetic nations turned down the request when

grain against spoilage. The March to May "long rains" began on schedule late last month, but some downpours were so heavy that they washed away plantings. Rains for the next six weeks will have to be both bountiful and evenly distributed or else, as Nyerere warned his people late last year, "there will be hunger, and people will die."

Refugee Camps. Kenya has also been hit by drought this year. But it is in Somalia that the frightening Sahel story of two years ago is being repeated. More than half the country is currently devastated by drought. At least 200,000 Somalis are clustered in refugee camps, 10,000 people have died of hunger since the beginning of the year, and another 800,000 are considered by U.N. officials to be in "starvation condition." Chronically undernourished children die in refugee camps by the dozens, even when there is

WILLIAM CAMPBELL—UNICEF



YOUNG VICTIM OF THE AFRICAN DROUGHT AT A REFUGEE CAMP IN SOMALIA
A threat that has moved steadily eastward to the Horn of Africa.

they learned that the military government not only had access to large supplies of local grain from unaffected areas, but also had a foreign exchange reserve of more than \$300 million that could be used to buy grain. The government has now cut its request to 78,000 tons, and at least three foreign donors—the U.S., the Common Market and China—are treating it more seriously.

Farther south in Tanzania, two years of rain failure have produced a serious food shortage. Instead of begging abroad for food last year, President Julius Nyerere paid out some \$160 million in precious foreign exchange to feed his people. But this year his treasury is almost empty, and the need is severe. Help has been promised from Scandinavia, China and the U.S., which agreed to provide \$11.7 million in food assistance in January and has shipped 30 tons of tarpaulins to Tanzania to protect stored

food available there to feed them. Most have been so dehydrated by diarrhea that their bodies are little more than skeletons and their stomachs so shriveled that they cannot take solid food.

The heavy rains which are due in Somalia later this year will be crucial to the survival of thousands of people. But semi-arid Somalia cannot indefinitely support 4 million nomads in a total population of 5 million. The leftist military government is trying to force hundreds of thousands of nomads to settle as farmers on land that can be irrigated, or to become fishermen along the nation's 1,800-mile coastline. The proud nomads are contemptuous of both farmers and fishermen. But with their herds decimated and the continuing threat of starvation, they will probably give in. As an East bloc diplomat in the Somali capital of Mogadishu puts it: "The choice, for many, is to switch or starve."



JIMMY CONNORS GETS INTO SHAPE

With next week's tennis face-off between U.S. Open Champ **Jimmy Connors** and Australian **John Newcombe** turning into the money match of the year (\$250,000 to the winner), the pregame volleys have already begun. Piqued by hecklers at an earlier tournament, Connors at first offered to buy 536 court-side box seats for his confrontation with Newcombe at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. No, thanks, said hotel officials. Then last week Connors' manager Bill Riordan gave a quick backhand to Golfer **Jack Nicklaus**, who, Riordan claimed, had labeled such big-money, head-to-head sports contests as "rip-offs of the public." Huffed Riordan: "Nicklaus wouldn't be making the big money he does if it weren't for **Arnold Palmer**, who turned the public on to golf Jimmy Connors has turned the public on to tennis." One-one; service goes back to Nicklaus.

With his socialist books no longer banned in Portugal, French Philosopher **Jean-Paul Sartre**, 69, felt encouraged enough to take a firsthand reading of the Portuguese revolution. During a 15-day visit to the country with his long-time friend, Author **Simone de Beauvoir**, 67, Sartre chatted with writers and students, toured a factory and dined in Lisbon's Red Barracks Canteen with the Light Artillery Regiment, most radical of Portugal's revolutionary forces. De-

spite his antimilitarism, Sartre seemed thoroughly reconciled to the Portuguese army, which, he said, "is not like any other" since it represents all classes of society. The diminutive existentialist was less cheered by some of the Portuguese civilians, however, and not surprisingly, he found a political explanation: "They still walk along the streets of Lisbon as if they were alone, without relation to other people—a hangover from fascism."

"They're surprised that I'm wacky and that I can sing," smiles Actress **Eileen Fulton**, whose nightclub act at New York's Plaza Hotel includes gospel music as well as Duke Ellington songs. Until now, Fulton has been better known to audiences as Lisa Shea, that cunning mistress of malevolence on the daytime soap opera *As the World Turns*. In 15 years of televised traumas, Fulton has neatly tucked away three marriages, two divorces, 18 or 19 lovers, two children (one in wedlock, one out), a phantom fetus and a miscarriage. In real life, she is the daughter of a Methodist minister and is married to Record Producer Dan Fortunato. She commutes into Manhattan from staid suburban Westchester County. "I'd love to play a real evangelist like Aimee Semple McPherson," says Fulton of her Hollywood aspirations. In case that script doesn't work out, however, Fulton has continued fulfilling her soap-opera duties each day before heading for the Plaza.

Throughout their six-year marriage, there were rumors that **Aristotle** and **Jacqueline Onassis** would part, but after his death last month, speculation turned quickly to the size of her new fortune. Estimates went up to \$200 million, with \$15 million inheritances for **John** and

Caroline Kennedy. Now it seems that the Onassises were involved in a conflict that suggests ancient Greek family struggles. When his only son Alexander, 24, died after an air crash in 1973, Onassis' health began to decline rapidly; Ari and Jackie grew apart, and some of his

OSCAR ARZUFFA



EILEEN FULTON TAKES A NIGHT JOB

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE IN A Huddle WITH MEMBERS OF THE PORTUGUESE ARMY



cronies are convinced that he was prepared to divorce her. His daughter Christina, 24, curtailed her social life to be with her father and involve herself in his complex finances. Jackie apparently may end up with the bare minimum inheritance allowed under Greek law, which governs only part of Onassis' scattered estate; the figure could be as low as \$3 million. The Kennedy children will receive the income from a trust until they are 21. There were jet set whispers that the person who urged Onassis to those penurious measures was Christina. Expectations are that Jackie will fight in the courts for more.

"I said it couldn't be done. I thought you couldn't beat the American press," chided retired Rear Admiral **Jackson R. Tate**, 77, who had just emerged from 18 days of seclusion with his daughter, Soviet Actress **Victoria Fyodorova**, 29. The child of a wartime love affair between Tate, then a U.S. naval captain in Moscow, and Actress **Zoya Fyodorova**, Victoria met her father for the first time on March 23. Her visit to the U.S. and the pair's successful retreat to a Florida hideaway, had been arranged and paid for by the gossip *National Enquirer*. Last week at a 45-minute press conference in the paper's Florida offices, the old admiral held hands with Victoria and told reporters that he had just sought permission from Soviet officials in Washington to adopt his daughter. Moments later, he was asked if he had known much about the *Enquirer* before the tabloid put him into the spotlight. Confessed Tate: "No, I never read it."

"It's a nice place just to visit," concluded Actor **Jack Nicholson** after two months on location at the state mental hospital in Salem, Ore. Nicholson has just completed filming *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, a movie based on **Ken Kesey's** 1962 novel and co-produced by *The Streets of San Francisco* star **Michael Douglas**. The film stars Nicholson as an asylum inmate ("crazy as a fox") and features former Oregon Governor **Tom McCall**, Jazz Singer **Scatman Crothers** and some of the hospital's 600 inmates in its cast. Nicholson, who anticipated that his assignment would be "a fairly depressing and intense experience," found that both actors and inmates gained from their contact. "What saved the day for me was to see how much good it did for the patients to work in the film," he observed last week. "One of our extras improved so much, he was discharged when the shooting ended."

"Running a major studio is more difficult than running a small country," Paramount Production Boss **Robert Evans** once observed. Now, after three failed marriages (including one to Actress **Ali MacGraw**) and a string of box office successes (*Godfather I and II*, *Chinatown*, *Rosemary's Baby*, *Love Story*), Evans is abdicating his Paramount throne. This week Evans, 44, begins anew as an independent producer under contract to Paramount, responsible for up to 24 new films over the next six years. Among his projects: a sequel to *Chinatown* and a remake of the 1946 classic, *Notorious*. Evans' decision to quit as production chief may be due in part to a falling out with Charles Bluh-



NICHOLSON PLAYS IN A CUCKOO'S NEST



RETIRED ADMIRAL JACKSON TATE WITH DAUGHTER VICTORIA FYODOROVA

dorn, autocratic chairman of Paramount's parent company, Gulf & Western. Paramount cut Evans' slice of *Chinatown's* profits from 25% to 12 1/2%, and the two men have not spoken for months. "Charlie has been like a father to me," says Evans. "But you don't necessarily have to love your father."

When New York City announced plans to display the long-secret court records of **Aaron Burr's** 1836 divorce case, in which the 80-year-old ex-Vice President was accused of adultery, at least one part-time historian was unexcited. "It's all in my book," points out **Gore Vidal**, who pieced the story together accurately for his historical novel *Burr*, without aid of court records. "I have never seen them. I've just gone on other people's word." Of Burr's long-lived virility, Vidal added: "Burr was a small, trim little man, and small, trim little men last longer sexually. In fact, they last longer in general than more corpulent capon types, like **George Washington**, who seem to have no sexual vitality and a relatively short life."

Tattler of Taste

Vladimir Nabokov made the list. Norman Mailer did not. Betty Ford is among the elect, but Jerry is missing. The New York Times qualifies, but not the Washington Post.

The quality that elevates those chosen institutions above their peers is, quite simply, Quality—as defined in a recent issue of *W*, the biweekly tattler of taste and chic presided over by John Burr Fairchild. Since it was launched three years ago last week by the graciously gossipy publisher of *Women's Wear Daily* and seven other trade publications, *W* has toiled relentlessly to depict, extol and embody that elusive trait. This year alone, *W* has identified everything from Quality People (Queen Elizabeth, Elliot Richardson, Julia Child, the Duc de Brissac, Sir Cecil Beaton and 33 others) to Quality Breeding (Poisane and Panettier, two Paris *boulangeries*). Quips a Fairchild Publications art director: "Pretty soon we'll have to change the name from *W* to *Q*."

W's editors characteristically omit the criteria for judging Quality. But then, there are no *W* editors as such. The newspaper is put out by the same editors and staff as *WWD*, and virtually every word and photo that appears in *W* is lifted from or destined for the daily. Thus the pages of *W* are filled with the same movie previews, fashion spreads, profiles, food and home-decorating articles, and Beautiful People (BP, of course) as its diurnal sister—if somewhat fewer of them—and all written in similarly breathless prose (Jacqueline Onassis is "mystique mingled with mystery—maybe even sorcery"). About the only thing that *W* does not pick up from *WWD* is the daily's daily hamper of garment-industry news, though *W* does cover the nontrade side of fashion like a Big Chemise. *W*'s fast close (stories written as late as Wednesday are in readers' hands on Friday) allows it to show spring and fall fashions up to three months ahead of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. This week, for instance, *W* is out with a cover story on next fall's



PUBLISHER JOHN FAIRCHILD & A RECENT *W*

The Best and the Rightest: A Souvenir

A police lineup of suspected criminals? Photographer Richard Avedon insists that he did not mean to create that impression with his 1971 collage of officials at the U.S. embassy in Saigon. But his disclaimer does not prevent the mind's eye from leaping to that comparison. Avedon, who spent seven weeks in Viet Nam taking pictures, caught the men who were directing U.S. policy there at a staff meeting. He stood them up against a sheet of white paper and snapped them in twos and threes. Avedon never bothered to have the photo published, but a number of journalists knew of its existence. Among them was Charlotte Curtis, editor of the New York

Times Op Ed page, where the photo finally appeared last week. It was accompanied by Veteran Viet Nam Reporter Gloria Emerson's article about the men in it and their role in Viet Nam's continuing tragedy. Emerson, now a freelance writer, wrote, "I wonder if their dreams are dark and ugly things, if any of them trembled and turned away from the television films of Vietnamese refugees weeping, pleading, talking to themselves." Did they? General Creighton W. Abrams died last September. The ten others showed no signs of trembling and have turned away to other tasks.

HAWTHORNE Q. MILLS, 46, who was mission coordinator, is now posted as

political counselor at the U.S. embassy in Teheran.

ERNEST J. COLANTONIO, 56, who was counselor for administrative affairs, is now executive director of the State Department's Bureau of East Asian and Pacific Affairs in Washington.

EDWARD J. NICKEL, 57, who was counselor for public affairs, is now a high official in the U.S. Information Agency in Washington.

JOHN E. MCGOWAN, 62, who was counselor for press affairs, has retired to Honolulu.

GEORGE D. JACOBSON, 62, who helped run the Civil Operations and Rural Development Support (CORDS) program, is still at the Saigon embassy as special assistant to the ambassador.



ready-to-wear collections from Paris. Though the contents of *WWD* and *W* are similar, the look and feel of the two differ markedly: *WWD* is a newspaper printed on heavier stock with more lavish color illustrations. A Quality Publication, as *W* might put it.

Country Club. Fairchild has turned recycling into a profitable art. After losing \$1.1 million in the first two years, Fairchild expects *W* to earn some \$300,000 in 1975. Advertising revenues are up 49% this year, and circulation has jetted from a starting 50,000 to about 170,000. *W* has a readership that Fairchild might characterize as Quality People: the typical *W* subscriber is a 47-year-old married woman who squeaks by on \$32,000 a year, lives in a \$50,000 suburban house and belongs to a country club. Less than 10% of *W* readers also subscribe to *Women's Wear Daily*, whose constituents are mostly male and in the fashion industry.

W may well be edited for a chosen few readers. "There are five or ten peo-

ple in the world who John considers have perfect taste," says Fairchild Editor Michael Coady. "You'll probably find them in *W*." Indeed, *W* watchers note that some names and faces appear with uncommon frequency: "Babe" Paley (wife of CBS Chairman William), the Philippe Rothschilds, the Kissingers, Yves Saint Laurent and Jackie O., who has decorated *W*'s cover six times.

Any *haut snobisme* is denied by Fairchild, 48, a boyish-looking father of four, enthusiastic skier and sometime socializer with many of the BP in *W*'s pages. "There is no such thing as good or bad taste, except in the eyes of a snob," he says. "The real thing is quality. For instance, the Swiss Federal Railroad has quality because it's clean and it works. Quality People are people who do things, not people who lead idle lives. Sure, we do write about a dream world sometimes. But there are real things in the world that are beautiful and civilized, and people want to know what those are." Quality Things, of course.

ELLSWORTH BUNKER, 80, then our ambassador in Saigon, is now ambassador-at-large at the State Department.

SAMUEL D. BERGER, 63, Bunker's deputy, has retired to Washington.

JOHN R. MOSSLER, 51, who was Viet Nam director of the Agency for International Development, is now a U.S. representative to a committee of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris.

CHARLES A. COOPER, 41, who was minister-counselor for economic affairs, is now serving as assistant secretary for international affairs at the Treasury Department in Washington.

LAURIN B. ASKEW, 52, who was counselor for political affairs, has retired to Spain.

The space between Cooper and Askew was left blank by Avedon for Theodore Shackley, 47. Shackley was the CIA station chief in Saigon. He now heads the CIA's East Asia and Pacific Affairs Bureau in Washington. Others stood patiently for Avedon's camera, but last week few of them were pleased with the result. Said Bunker: "I didn't think the photograph was flattering." Said Berger: "The photograph and the story are absurd. It's not history, it's emotion. Of course I feel a sense of responsibility for Viet Nam, everybody does." Said Colantonio: "I deeply resent the interpretation Gloria Emerson put on my motivations and those of my colleagues while we were carrying out U.S. policies in Viet Nam."

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Saving the Farms

Every year about 350,000 acres of farm land on the fringes of America's suburbs—an area roughly half the size of Rhode Island—are taken out of crops and put into buildings. Though the loss may seem insignificant in a nation with 470 million acres of cropland, there is a hitch. Much of the lost acreage is top-quality farm land, rich soil that the U.S. should keep as a major resource. But to save such land for farming has been almost impossible. Buying it outright is too expensive. Zoning it for agricultural use only can often be illegal. The U.S. Constitution forbids any action that lowers land values (in this case by banning any sort of development) without "just compensation."

But there is a middle way, one now being tested in Suffolk County on the eastern end of Long Island. Famous for the Hamptons, a string of summer resort communities along the Atlantic Ocean beaches, Suffolk has 40,000 acres of cropland that has made it the most productive farm county in New York State. The land is also perfect for developers—pancake flat and on the edge of the sprawling metropolitan area formed by New York City and its neighboring Nassau County suburbs. To keep the developers from obliterating Suffolk's rural character, the citizens of the county have decided to try something new: buying not the farm land but the farmer's right to sell his acreage to developers. That will cost money, but not as much as buying the land outright. If a farm is worth, say, \$6,000 per acre to

a developer but only \$1,500 per acre to a farmer, the county will pay the difference—\$4,500—for the "development rights." In return, farmers who join the program must agree to keep the land in farms forever.

Too Radical. The scheme is mainly the work of County Executive John Klein, 43, who began his campaign to save what he calls "New York City's breadbasket" right after being elected in 1971. His first step was to set up a twelve-man committee of farmers and charge it with finding a way to keep the farm lands. John Talmage, 45, a farmer in Riverhead, suggested the development-rights formula. The idea seemed so radical, he recalls, that "I thought it was not salable."

But Klein bought it and resold it to the county legislature, which voted \$60 million in 30-year bonds to acquire development rights. The cost will be borne by local residents, whose taxes will rise a few cents a year. Yet Suffolk's citizens have generally supported the bond issue because they stand to gain from preserving the farms. Some of those who will benefit:

1) Year-round residents will keep their low tax base. At first, some Suffolk County residents subscribed to the popular myth that new subdivisions, by bringing in more taxpayers, would lower per capita taxes. But Klein proved that in Nassau County rapid development actually caused a rise in local taxes, which were needed for costly new roads, schools and other services.

2) Summer homeowners, drawn to the area by the attractive landscape, will

continue to enjoy the unspoiled look that well-farmed, wide-open fields provide.

3) Farmers will have their taxes stabilized. As elsewhere, taxes in Suffolk are figured on the land's "highest and best use"—i.e., its value to developers. Local governments now give farmers a break by assessing their land at what Klein candidly describes as "illegally low preferential rates." But such treatment cannot continue indefinitely, he says. Nor can the county help when federal and state inheritance taxes, which are based on the land's full value, come due. Under the development-rights scheme, however, all taxes will be reckoned only on the land's agricultural value. Beyond the tax advantage, says Water Mill Farmer Tom Halsey, "I still keep my pride in ownership. I am still able to build farm buildings on my land. And with the money that I can get from selling my development rights, I might even be able to buy more farm land."

That left only one question. How many of the county's farmers—a notably independent lot—would choose to sell their development rights? This winter Suffolk invited farmers to join the program. The response was overwhelming: 381 property owners offered the county rights to 17,800 acres for some \$117 million. Klein has established a committee to select the best buys for Suffolk's \$60 million. He plans to ask the legislature to authorize another \$15 million bond issue next year, but already he feels vindicated. "Suffolk is a microcosm of the U.S.," he says. "If the development-rights program can work here, it can work anywhere."

The Fast-Food Furor

Urban Americans have become injured to everything from muggings to traffic jams to the destruction of architectural landmarks. But there seems to be one last insult that many city dwellers cannot endure: the invasion of franchised fast-food outlets. Cambridge, Mass., for example, has passed an ordinance that virtually bans any chain store selling burgers, pizza, fried chicken or hot dogs. In Washington, D.C., angry residents recently blocked Gino's (burgers) from building on Dupont Circle. In the residential Broadmoor section of New Orleans, pickets are protesting a Popeye's Fried Chicken shop. At least three community groups in Manhattan are fighting attempts by the franchisers to open new shops in or near residential neighborhoods. One sign says it all: WE DESERVE A BREAK TODAY STOP McDONALD'S.

The trouble began when fast-food chains, designed specifically to appeal to suburban and highway traffic, started to move into established middle-class urban neighborhoods on the fringes of



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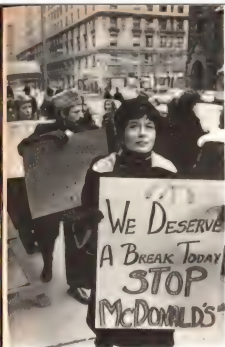


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PICKETS ON MANHATTAN'S 86TH STREET
Formula for trouble.

commercial districts. The strategy made good business sense; the places would attract the lunchtime crowd from the nearby offices and stores, and could draw on the residential area for evening customers. But in these locations, the basic formula of fast-food chains—flamboyant stores plus a heavy volume of take-out orders and quick turnover of customers—often is also the formula for trouble. Streets for blocks around become littered with emblazoned boxes, cups and bags, double-parking near the outlet causes traffic jams; transients drawn by inexpensive food disturb—and sometimes menace—local residents. Indeed, some Manhattan community groups charge that the fast-food joints attract not only raucous youths and loiterers but also pimps, prostitutes and drug addicts.

Garish Signs. Faced with growing neighborhood opposition, the franchisers have launched vigorous campaigns to better their image. In Chicago, Burger King assigns crews to pick up all litter within two blocks of its outlets. Most chains will agree with community demands to remove their garish outdoor signs or scale down their golden arches and revolving buckets so that, as a McDonald's official says, "we can blend in with the local decor."

In Northern California, for example, Kentucky Fried Chicken sells out of low-slung buildings with dark mansard roofs. But when Salem, Mass., a small city proud of its 18th century buildings, insisted that a proposed new Burger King had to complement the town's colonial architecture, the chain drew the line. Instead of responding with its well-known slogan, "Have it your way," Burger King abandoned its plans to build in Salem.

Crispina found a friend

One who is helping her survive



Crispina Aguilar's case is typical.

Her father works long hours as a sharecropper despite a chronic pulmonary condition that saps his strength. Her mother takes in washing whenever she can. Until recently, the total income of this family of six was about \$13.00 a month. Small wonder that they were forced to subsist on a diet of unpolished rice, swamp cabbage, and tiny fish the children seise from a nearby river.

Now Crispina enjoys the support of a Foster Parent in Tennessee whose contribution of sixteen dollars a month assures Crispina and her entire family of better food and health care. And, when Crispina is old enough, the help of her Foster Parent will give her a chance for an education, an opportunity to realize whatever potential she has to offer to this world.

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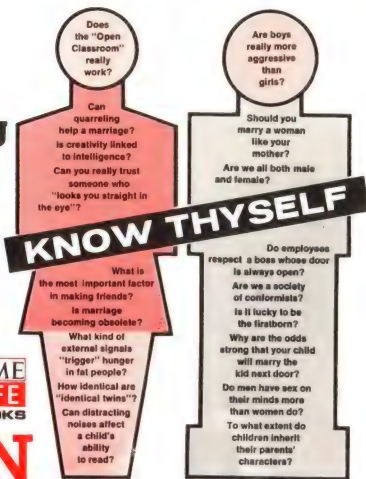
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Sills Meets the Met

Conductor Thomas Schippers gave the downbeat at 8 p.m. But the show that everyone had been waiting for did not begin until 8:22. That was when Beverly Sills emerged from the wings at the Metropolitan Opera to join her fellow Greeks in the grim doings of Rossini's *The Siege of Corinth*. Looking slender and vulnerable in a long blue gown, Sills moved down a small set of stairs, but never had a chance to sing her opening line, "Che mai sento?" (What do I hear?) She knew what she heard—a minute-long roar of welcome not experienced at the Met since the debut of Joan Sutherland in 1961. That was only the beginning. After Sills' showpiece aria "Sì ferite," the house went wild for 4½ minutes. At evening's end, the curtain calls went on for 18½ minutes. Out in the au-

dience, opera-loving Comedian Danny Kaye let out several ear-piercing whistles and called for a speech. Confetti and roses floated down from the upper tiers, several bouquets came sailing across the orchestra pit. Sills fielded one with her right hand, then separated it and gave half to her co-star Shirley Verrett.

Love for a Turk. This came the culmination of the best-known success saga in American opera. With a 36-year career already behind her, first as a child prodigy on radio, most recently as the star of the rival New York City Opera, Sills had proved years ago that it was possible to have a major career in the U.S. and Europe without the Met (TIME, April 7). Now, both Beverly Sills and the Met were at last together.

As Pamira, the doomed daughter of the governor of Corinth, Sills successfully re-established her claim as the most radiant and musical of prima donnas. The dilemmas that Pamira finds herself in would try even Aida, and Sills rose to them all. Briefly, Pamira loves Maometto (Bass Justino Diaz), the leader of the attacking Turks. Her father wants her to marry the Greek warrior Neocle (Mezzo Verrett). She elopes with Maometto, but persuaded by loyalty to her homeland, she returns to Corinth and stabs herself to death as Maometto's troops enter and sack the burning city.

The Siege of Corinth had never been presented at the Met, nor very regularly in modern times until Sills helped revive it in 1969 at Milan's La Scala. Just as Handel's *Julius Caesar* at the City Opera had established her American reputation in 1966, the La Scala *Siege* made her an international star. Last week one could see and hear why. In lesser hands, Rossini's florid vocal writing might be just that—little more than tedious vocalizing. With Sills, a mistress of bel canto, each triplet, each double-octave run, each pianissimo high note was given musical and dramatic meaning. At one point in the second act, she sang lying on her back on one of Maometto's couches. At another, she held a soft high D while strolling away from the audience. None of that is especially conducive to perfectly calibrated tones.

the oldtimers did not plant their feet squarely at stage center for nothing. A few of Sills' high notes were thin or flat. Most, however, were right on target, and her voice still carries with it a magical image of shimmering silver and gold.

She kept good company. Verrett, singing her first bel canto opera at the Met, was emphatic and secure as Neocle. It is a so-called pants role, written originally by Rossini for contralto, but later rescored for tenor in deference to the historic Parisian insistence that men are men and women are women. Today, the role could be sung by either tenor or contralto. The female version is more elaborate, and Conductor Schippers prefers it. Decked out in armor and an elegant Zachary Scott mustache, Verrett moved enough like a man to make the impersonation halfway acceptable. Hers is not a warm voice, but it is clear and brilliant. Dramatic coloratura lines spun out in the third act's "Non temer" brought Verrett a three-minute ovation of her own. As Maometto, the tall, athletic Justino Diaz not only displayed one of the richest, manliest basses around, but actually made this terrible Turk a figure of dignity and believable emotion.

What a Tent! The drop-style production mounted for Sills' debut is both attractive and sensibly economical (\$175,000, cheap by current prices). The sets are fashioned after La Scala 1969, except that the second act is set in Maometto's tent rather than on his ship. And what a tent it is—opulent red carpets and ottomans, hanging lamps, each big enough to contain a man, table lamps that burn with a molten glow.

If there is a fault to be found with the production, it is with the way Stage Director Sandro Sequi, who directed the opera at La Scala, handles the chorus. Visual non Sequi-turs play a big part in his theory of direction. When in doubt, he makes the chorus criss-cross. If the arrival of a leading character is announced offstage, he sends half the chorus scurrying for the wings to clear space. That is maddening, because Rossini made the chorus an active participant in the drama rather than a commentator.

This is a small complaint compared to the larger joys of the occasion. Beverly Sills has made it to the stage of the Met at a time when the house needs a star of her talent and box office impact. On the way, she has been heard at such opera capitals as Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires, Deutsche Oper in Berlin, San Carlo of Naples, La Fenice in Venice, not to mention San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C., Houston and Cincinnati. There are no more debuts she needs to make, just new roles and unfamiliar music, which is what the saga of Beverly Sills is really all about anyway.

■ William Bender

SILLS DURING A BREAK AT THE MET



Black Venus

As the song says, she came a long way from St. Louis. Because she was cold in the ghetto there all during her childhood, Josephine Baker became a dancer to keep warm. As she grew into international fame as a stage and cabaret performer, the heat stayed on. New York had never seen anything quite like the red-hot way she sang and shimmed the Charleston and black bottom at the old Plantation Club. Paris, to which she moved in 1925 at age 19, had never seen anything like her at all. At the Folies-Bergère, she gave lessons in how to make an entrance. Down she would come on a mirrored platform clad in a bunch of bananas. Nothing else. "I wasn't really naked," she liked to say in later years. "I simply didn't have any clothes on."

That kind of talk never fooled her fans, who included Picasso, Matisse and Hemingway ("I was always popular because I was earning all the money," she recalled). Baker's art had more to it than just nudity, of course. It was the way she seemed to pass her songs from person to person in the audience, and the way the sleek soprano voice wooed the ears as much as the lithe body invited the eyes. By 1927 she had received an estimated 40,000 love letters and 1,192 proposals of marriage, one from a rajah who offered to get rid of his harem. Acting on the theory that the show never ended, Baker

could be seen regularly strolling down the Champs-Élysées with two leopards or a pair of swans on a leash. Gradually she found France more congenial and became a citizen in 1937, eventually buying a medieval château in the Dordogne Valley where she slept in a bed used by Marie Antoinette. To the French, who adored her, she was simply "Josephine." In billings for her shows there was no need to add a second name.

Bitter Statements. Over the years she remained in the public eye; in the '50s she made several bitter statements about discrimination against her fellow blacks in the U.S. That did not prevent her from coming home periodically to perform in the U.S., notably for a four-concert Carnegie Hall series in 1973 in which she wore a spangled body-stocking and a towering headdress of flamingo-colored plumes. It seemed for a moment that the Folies-Bergère might rise again. "My whole life has been my art and the theater, and I really think the contact is necessary to stay fresh," Josephine Baker once said.

Last week, at 68, she was in Paris again starring in an elaborate new show celebrating the 50th anniversary of her debut. There a heart attack ended one of the most extravagant lives in show-business history. She had been working hard rehearsing from 10 a.m. until midnight. As she herself put it: "For almost a septuagenarian, *pas mal*."

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Cover-Up on Attica?

The stunning accusation threw salt on newly reopened wounds. Scarcely had a Buffalo jury convicted two inmates of involvement in the fatal beating of Prison Guard William Quinn during the 1971 uprising at Attica (TIME, April 14) than the news broke that a former chief aide to Attica Special Prosecutor Anthony G. Simonetti had charged that there had been a cover-up in the investigation of the revolt. Malcolm H. Bell accused his old boss of deliberately impeding the inquiry into possible criminal acts by law enforcement officers.

Although 62 of the Attica inmates have been indicted by a grand jury, not one guard or policeman has yet been charged. Bell, who quit in disgust last December, made his complaint in a letter of resignation to State Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz. That was followed in January by a 160-page report to incoming Governor Hugh Carey. Last week the letter and the report leaked.

Complete Faith. Bell insists there is "substantial evidence" that police involved in the assault on the prison participated in unwarranted shooting—a view shared by some prominent lawyers. Bell accuses Simonetti of thwarting his effort to make a fair presentation to the grand jury, denying him access to evidence, and "prematurely and without justification" granting immunity to two suspects in a case Bell was developing. "There is a double standard of justice," claims Bell, "as far as inmates and non-inmates are concerned."

Simonetti denies Bell's charges; his office, he says, has conducted a "very open investigation." Governor Carey has asked for a report from Attorney General Lefkowitz, which Lefkowitz delegated to his appointee—Simonetti. "I have complete faith," says the Attorney General, "in what's-his-name—Simonetti." Bell is calling instead for an independent inquiry of the prosecutor's office. The evidence—and the news that two more prosecutors resigned from Simonetti's staff—indicate such a study is probably needed to dissolve the doubts shrouding the Attica tragedy.

Death Dealing

In the 1972 case of *Furman v. Georgia*, the Supreme Court dealt a staggering but not quite final blow to the death penalty in the U.S. Though all nine Justices wrote separate opinions, the slim controlling view appeared to be that most capital-punishment sentences were cruel and unusual because those few who faced the penalty were singled out in a "freakish," "arbitrary" and "capricious" manner. Supporters of capital punishment concluded that one way around the court's ruling would be to make

death the mandated penalty for such crimes as first-degree murder and first-degree rape. Next Monday the Justices will hear oral arguments on that contention. The lives of 217 convicts on death row are in the balance.

Justice William Douglas' stroke last New Year's Eve ought to have sent shivers through those death-row residents. In the 1972 case the vote against the death penalty was 5-4, with Douglas part of the tenuous majority. The court delayed oral arguments in the current case while Douglas recuperated, presumably because the other eight Justices believed there was a strong chance that they might split 4-4 without him. Last week Douglas reentered the hospital for "a few days" of rest and tests. The case will now apparently be heard whether he returns or not, and a tie vote would leave standing a North Carolina decision upholding the death penalty because it had become mandatory in the state.

The N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, which has led the attack on capital punishment, will argue that any scheme for sentencing offenders to death is never truly mandatory; discretion, and therefore arbitrary uncertainty, always remains. North Carolina concedes as much, but claims that discretion has always been common to the whole structure of punishment and is both reasonable and constitutional.

The two sides will also debate whether death itself is now a constitutional form of punishment. Citing evolving standards of decency, the large number of "civilized" nations that have abandoned executions and the fact that

the penalty in the U.S. falls disproportionately on blacks and other socially rejected groups. Legal Defense Fund lawyers contend that the death penalty has become barbarous. North Carolina replies that since 31 states have moved to retain the capital sanction since the 1972 decision, the court cannot substitute its judgment of what is barbaric.

Special Facts. Underlying much of the argument is the question of whether the death penalty has a deterrent effect. Most experts feel there are no reliable studies on which to base an answer. Now criminal-justice circles are abuzz with word that in a soon to be published study, Economist Isaac Ehrlich of the University of Chicago claims to have proved the existence of a deterrent effect by a statistical analysis of figures from 1933 to 1969. (The last execution in the U.S. was in 1967.)

The court may not provide a final answer. The special facts of the case, which involve the barroom-brawl murder conviction of Jesse Fowler, may prompt one or more Justices to shift their position. More important, Fowler's death sentence grew out of a North Carolina Supreme Court ruling that reinterpreted existing legislation and read into it mandatory death penalties. The Justices may choose to rule only that such judicial construction was improper and thus leave to another day the broader question. If that happens, death-row inmates would once again have to hope that the redoubtable Justice Douglas, now 76, will be back on hand to cast his still critical vote in the next case involving a mandatory penalty of death.

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Gold of the Nomads

Of all the peoples ancient Greece called "barbarian," none were more formidable than the Scythians—the hairy, implacable nomads who ranged over the steppes of Central Asia and north of the Black Sea, in what is now Russia. Around 3200 B.C., on these grassy oceans, the horse was first tamed for riding, and the Scythians were the result of that profound change in man's mobility.

On their coarse, nimble ponies, they rode like centaurs. They made cloaks from tanned scalps, and the skin of a right arm would furnish a container for their arrows. ("The skin of a man," noted Herodotus, who could seldom resist a piquant detail, "is thick and glossy, and whiter than almost all other hides.") To relax, they got uproariously drunk on thick wine from the Black Sea area which they quaffed from the leather-bound skulls of their foes, or they would dump marijuana seeds on red-hot stones and breathe the smoke. Fortunately for archaeology, they buried their dead kings and nobles in barrows, surrounded by every sort of tool, artifact and status symbol they might need in the next life.

Preserved by ice. These included gold. The Scythians were rich. They wrung tribute from every caravan that crossed the steppes, and they carried their gold not as raw bullion but as flamboyant ornament. Other materials went to dust—except for some ornaments of wood or cloth, such as the elegant swan made of felt stuffed with reindeer hair (see color opposite) that was discovered, preserved by ice for almost 2½ millennia, in a tomb in the Altai Mountains of Siberia. Yet the gold survived. Almost all the major examples of Scythian gold have remained in the U.S.S.R., up to now, chiefly in the Kiev State Historical Museum and Leningrad's Hermitage. Now, as a result of an exchange agreement worked out between the U.S. and the Soviet Ministry of Culture, written into the communiqué of the 1974 summit meeting, an extraordinary selection of 197 Scythian artifacts has come to America; it opens on April 19 at the Metropolitan Museum in New York and will go to the Los Angeles County Museum in July.

Trained from childhood to fight and hunt, a steppes nomad was accustomed to using his eyes to a degree unimaginable among modern city dwellers. Every twitch of a deer's alarmed head, every gathering of muscle, gust of wind or sprouting of vegetation could be a clue in the work of survival. So it is not surprising that Scythian art—both the objects they made for themselves in the 7th-6th centuries B.C., and the ones they later had made for them by Greek metalsmiths—was supremely visual: accurate observation combined with an

amazing clarity of design. The panther hammered from a sheet of gold and worn as a shield ornament in the late 7th or early 6th century B.C. contains, in its bulging, simplified planes, all the rhythmical vitality one might expect from Cubist sculpture: an epigram of predatory sinew translated into metal.

Tendrils and Ferocity. Most early Scythian art consists of animal totems. But when the barbarians started trading with the Black Sea Greeks and employing their skills as craftsmen—like Hell's Angels descending on Savile Row—they demanded, and got, work of almost unbelievable finesse. It is ironic that the best evidence we have of what Phidias' lost chryselephantine statue of Athena in the Parthenon looked like



SCYTHIAN OPENWORK HELMET
Sinew into metal.

should be preserved on a Scythian woman's pendant from the 4th century B.C. In the finest pieces, such as the 4th-century gold comb from the Hermitage, one no longer thinks of jewelry: this battle group, tiny though it is, is one of the most vividly realized and plastically forceful scenes of combat in all ancient sculpture.

The centerpiece of the exhibition is, however, the 12-in.-wide gold pectoral dug from a kurgan or burial mound near the town of Ordzhonikidze in 1971. In the upper course we see domestic life: sheep, foals, calves, a pair of Scythians making a skin shirt. In the middle, vegetable nature: an exquisite frieze of curling tendrils and blossoms with tiny birds perching on them. And below, the goldsmith set forth the central myth of Scythian life: endless combat, unceasing subjugation of the weak by the strong—griffins attacking horses, feral cats killing deer. An entire world is summed up, with a sculptural intensity that Donatello could hardly have surpassed, and one cannot say whether ferocity or beauty prevails, or whether, for the Scythians, there was any difference between the two.

• Robert Hughes



Panther with small figures of curled-up panthers on the feet and tail, late 7th-early 6th century B.C.



Comb, beginning of the 4th century B.C.



Bottle, 4th century B.C.



*Pectoral, 4th century B.C.
NEW STATE HISTORICAL MUSEUM*



Left: Felt swan, 3th-4th century B.C.

Right: Pendant, 4th century B.C.

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Mission Misfire

Even as the U.S. and the Soviet Union step up preparations for July's orbital linkup of an Apollo and a Soyuz spacecraft, many American officials have quietly been expressing their concern that Russian space skills may not be equal to the demands of that historic mission. Last week those doubts were dramatically reinforced. Only minutes after its launch, a Soyuz spacecraft with two cosmonauts on board made a forced landing some 1,000 miles downrange in the rugged 13,000-ft.-high Altai Mountains of western Siberia.

In a 15-line dispatch, Tass reported that the mission was aborted when an upper stage of the Vostok booster rocket began carrying Soyuz 18 off course; at that point, the rocket shut down automatically and the spacecraft was set free for return to Earth. The two cosmonauts, Vasily Lazarev, 46, and Oleg Makarov, 41, seem to have escaped injury, but Western observers pointed out that if the upper-stage engine had fired a few seconds longer, the cosmonauts might well have come down in China.

In an attempt to reassure NASA, the Russians privately told visiting American space officials in Moscow that the rocket was an old model that had been "less diligently" checked out than usual. NASA's Deputy Administrator George Low, who negotiated the agreement with the Russians for this summer's joint flight, said the space agency had every confidence that "the problem experienced on this launch will be fully evaluated by Soviet officials and that the necessary corrective actions will be taken."

In private, NASA officials were less optimistic. Most agreed with Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, who said the flight only "reinforces my deep concern that [the joint mission] may be dangerous to American astronauts."

The Mathemagician

Readers of the current *Scientific American* are informed of several shattering discoveries. Among them: a fatal flaw in Einstein's special theory of relativity, a motor that runs on psychic energy, and a page from Leonardo Da Vinci's newly discovered notebooks, the Madrid Codices, which conclusively prove that the Renaissance man invented the flush toilet 500 years ago. Respondents who are bombarding the magazine with telephone inquiries and letters are being advised to take a second look at the article. It is sprinkled with names like Ms. Henrietta Birdbrain and Robert Ripoff—as betfits an April Fools' piece. Actually, the biggest giveaway is the author's name: Martin Gardner.

At 60, Gardner is the clown prince of science. Several of his card and nu-

merical inventions have become classics on the magicians' and mentalists' circuit. His "Mathematical Games" column in *Scientific American* is one of the few bridges over C.P. Snow's famous "gulf of mutual incomprehension" that lies between the technical and literary cultures. The late Jacob Bronowski (*The Ascent of Man*) was a devotee; Poet W.H. Auden constantly quoted from Gardner's work. In his novel *Ada*, Vladimir Nabokov pays a twinkling tribute by introducing one Martin Gardiner, whom he calls "an invented philosopher."

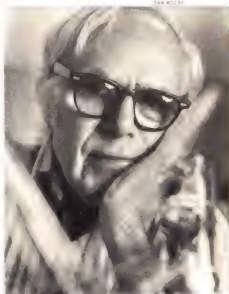
Razor Blades. Nevertheless, as the mathemagician admits, "not all my readers are fans. I have also managed to provoke some outspoken enemies." In the forefront are the credulous victims of Gardner's recent hoaxes: an elaborate treatise that demonstrated the power of pyramid-shaped structures to preserve life and sharpen razor blades, and "proof" by a fictional Dr. Matrix that the millionth digit of π —if it were ever computed, would be the number 5. Even angrier are those occultated believers in extrasensory perception and faith healing. From the beginning of his career, Gardner has been illuminating the dark corners of paranormal science to reveal a phalanx of sleight of hand-workers and mail-order Barnums.

The son of an Oklahoma wildcat oil prospector, Gardner learned early to separate wild claims from bedrock actualities. At the University of Chicago, he was known as a demon chess player who quit the game for a greater love: philosophy. "But somewhere, no matter how serious I was," he recalls, "there was always a little boy kicking around inside. Then I sold my first story to *Esquire*. It wrapped a plot around some shaggy dog stories. Red Skelton mentioned the piece on the air, and the boy and philosopher were off and running."

The serious Gardner published articles on logic and mathematics in such specialist quarterlies as *Scripta Mathematica*. The playful Gardner became a contributing editor to *Humpty Dumpty's* magazine, composing games and moral quatrains worthy of Pecksniff: "It pays to be polite, my girl/ In everything you do/ You'll find when you're polite to friends/ They'll be polite to you." Gardner finally curbed his doggerel in the late '50s, when the games column won him his first *aficionados*. He had already garnered his initial opposition with publication of *In the Name of Science*, a set of attacks on the sex theories of Wilhelm Reich, the early Scientology of L. Ron Hubbard, the diet of Gayelord Hauser and the mind-reading experiments of J.B. Rhine. Says Gardner: "From then on, every sex, food and pseudoscientific faddist has been after me. Fortunately not everyone falls into those categories." Those who do not include

the readers of Gardner's manuals for the layman. *Relativity for the Million* is by far the most lucid explanation of Einstein's theories. *The Ambidextrous Universe* clarifies the murky world of parity physics. The little boy reappears in Gardner's lighter works: some 20 collections of intellectual puzzles, a myriad of children's books and articles, and the classic annotated *Alice in Wonderland*, which 15 years after publication is selling 40,000 copies per annum.

There have been few affinities as close as that of Lewis Carroll and Martin Gardner—both have a playful genius for mathematics and logic, a love of irony, and a detestation of fame. Although conferences have been built round



GARDNER AT HOME
An invented philosopher.

Gardner's work, he adopts a Carrollian diffidence and refuses to attend. For years, whenever TV or radio programs requested an appearance, he and his wife Charlotte were always "working on something with the boys." The two boys are now grown men who no longer provide their father with an excuse. But by now, Gardner has declined so many invitations that he is seldom bothered. In the aerie of his large house in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. (located, appropriately, on Euclid Avenue), he produces a characteristically varied series of works, including a novel, a series of filmstrips and a book on recreational mathematics. Unfortunately, that volume had no room for Gardner's favorite arithmetical irony: professors at Stanford University have just programmed a computer to carry π to the millionth digit. To everyone's surprise—especially the hoaxer's—the number turned out to be 5.



PROTESTING IRANIAN STUDENTS AT STANFORD WEARING BAGS TO AVOID IDENTIFICATION

EDUCATION

Pipeline from Iran

William McGill, president of Columbia University, was eating breakfast in the Royal Tehran Hilton recently when a familiar figure walked by. McGill and his friend, the president of a California university, looked at each other and grinned. "What are you doing here?" asked McGill. "When did you start working this territory?" replied the Californian.

U.S. educators have been stumbling over each other in Iran during the past year as word spreads that the petrodollar-rich country badly needs academic expertise—and is willing to pay dearly for it. Faced with dwindling income from endowments, foundations and the Federal Government, college administrators from Harvard to the University of Southern California have headed for the Middle East to offer Iranians training and advice in everything from the latest audio-visual techniques to the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

Last month Georgetown University signed what is probably the largest deal so far with Iran—an \$11.5 million, five-year agreement to help Ferdowsi University in the holy city of Mashhad create, among other things, schools of engineering, agriculture and economics. In other recently signed contracts with U.S. colleges, Iran awarded:

\$1.8 million to the Wentworth Institute, a two-year engineering school in Boston, to set up a vocational school in Shiraz.

\$1.3 million to M.I.T. to train up to 54 Iranian graduate students in nuclear engineering.

\$1 million to George Washington University, which is developing graduate programs in management.

\$1 million to U.S.C. for an endowed chair in petroleum engineering.

\$970,000 to Stanford to plan satellite-based rural telephone and educational television systems.

\$400,000 to Harvard to plan

a graduate-level research university. **\$400,000** to Princeton for the Pahlavi Endowment for Iranian Studies.

\$361,250 to Columbia to organize two consortiums. In one, Cornell and Harvard will jointly plan an international medical complex; the other, including the universities of Michigan, Chicago, West Virginia and Maryland, is to plan a school of social welfare.

The influx of oil money has aroused suspicion and alarm on U.S. campuses. At M.I.T., the student paper denounced the administration for "selling M.I.T." and predicted that the Iranian nuclear-engineering students would end up making "bombs for the Shah." At Stanford, two dozen Iranian students joined radical American students and marched around the campus with brown paper bags over their heads—to avoid identification, they said, by the Shah's spies. Their complaint: Stanford's television and telephone hookups would extend the influence of a "repressive regime."

Although the University of California does not yet even have any contracts with Iran, the *Daily Californian*, the student paper, protested: "That the University of California would even consider dealing with such an oppressive, totalitarian regime is an affront to the ideals of a free university." U.C. Vice President Durward Long disagrees. Says he: "We consider assisting developing nations to improve their educational capacities in the interest of their people."

University administrators have not been daunted by opposition at home. In fact, they are pursuing the petrodollar with a vigor that has left some Iranians confused. Says Homer Higbee, an assistant dean at Michigan State, which has negotiated two contracts for \$440,000 with the Iranians: "They don't know who is legitimate and who is not."

The academic scramble for Middle East riches has extended beyond Iran. Indiana University is working out the details of a \$1 million agreement to train as many as 300 Saudi Arabian teachers

in audio-visual techniques, while Stanford Administrator Jon Cosovich says that he too is exploring possibilities there. Admits Cosovich, with understated candor: "There is a correlation between their wealth and our interest."

Case Against College

The message is familiar. Colleges are youth ghettos. They promise more than they deliver. They serve as great social sorting machines and not as institutions of higher learning. Their students are pressured to attend by parents or peers and do not know what else to do. Their diplomas cost more—and are worth less—than ever before.

This sort of thing has been said before by academics, federal task forces and foundation reports. But the message is likely to have more impact on the public when it is pronounced by a best-selling author. That is precisely what Caroline Bird (author of *Born Female* and *The Invisible Scar*) has done in her new book *The Case Against College* (McKay; \$9.95).

Bird has no credentials in education other than her degrees from the universities of Toledo and Wisconsin, but she apparently has done her homework. She writes that "College is good for some people, but it is not good for everybody." The problem, she says, is that for the past decade or so, in a great wave of democratization, society has made college available—if not imperative—to most of the youthful population. Fully half of all U.S. high school graduates now go on to some form of higher education, and the percentage is climbing every year.

Fuzzy Function. The greatest growth has been in public two-year community colleges, but the function of these well-meaning institutions is fuzzy at best. "There are too many people in the world of the 1970s already," says Bird, "and we do not know where to put newcomers. The neatest way to get rid of a superfluous 18-year-old is to amuse him all day long at a community college while his family feeds and houses him. This is not only cheaper than a residential college but cheaper than supporting him on welfare, a make-work job, in prison or in the armed forces."

The dilemma that Bird underscores in dozens of interviews with students, parents and college administrators is that "the great majority of high school graduates aren't sure what they want to do." Indeed, there is no reason why they should be, or why a college freshman has to sign up for a major that from the day he sets foot on campus narrows his possible options and his choice of careers. Most young people simply have not experienced enough variety in jobs or life-styles to be able to make an intelligent choice about their adult career when they graduate from high school.

Bird is at her weakest in overstating the financial advantage of not going to college. She plays games with statis-

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EDUCATION

ter year, from kindergarten to graduate school. She notes that top educators have already called for alternatives to the traditional college education. Yale President Kingman Brewster, for example, has warned against the "assumption that formal education is best received in continuous doses," while proposing that students leave the campus after their sophomore year to live abroad. Chicago Sociologist James Coleman's White House report on youth suggests giving vouchers worth four years of college tuition to young people; the vouchers could be used to join an apprentice program or enroll in a specialty school or traditional college any time after age 16. Clark Kerr's Carnegie Commission has proposed that every high school graduate be given "two years in the bank" to spend for further education at any time in his life, perhaps alternating periods of work and school.

tics, arguing that if a high school graduate invested the equivalent of four years' college costs in a lump sum in a savings bank and went to work, his lifetime income (including compound interest) would exceed the earnings of a college graduate. The greatest fallacy in that line of reasoning is the fact that high school seniors do not have the \$25,000 or \$30,000 representing their college costs in a lump sum to invest. Nonetheless, Bird is correct in saying that a college education does not necessarily

have much effect on income; she points to the analysis of Harvard Professor Christopher Jencks, who concludes that financial success in the U.S. depends to a large degree on luck and social class, not years in school. As college graduates are increasingly finding to their dismay, college today often does not even prepare them for their first jobs, much less for future financial security.

Bird suggests relaxing the lockstep that forces millions of young people to march automatically to school year af-

More Options. Whatever the ultimate choice, young people must have more guidance and options than are now available. They should be free of the pressure that demands a diploma from a traditional college and be encouraged to take advantage of the vocational schools, special institutes, apprentice programs and other kinds of training sponsored by business, labor unions and the armed forces. For now, the greatest case against college is that for millions of students, it is the only game in town.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Stevie Wonder, 24 (Ne Steveland Judkins). Soul's mangled terrible, and Yolanda Simmons, 24, his former secretary: their first child, a girl, in Manhattan. Name: Aisha Zakia.

Died. John Anthony Burns, 66, Governor of Hawaii from 1962 to 1974; of cancer, in Honolulu. Tough, tight-lipped and driven. Burns grew up in Honolulu's hard-core slums, becoming a paternalistic police captain who spoke for the loyalty of the Nisei population in the anti-Japanese hysteria that followed Pearl Harbor. After the war, Burns built the powerful and largely Japanese-Democratic machine that sent him as territorial Representative to Congress, where he helped win statehood for Hawaii in 1959.

Died. Josephine Baker, 68, queen of the international cabaret circuit; of a heart attack; in Paris (see MUSIC).

Died. John Moran Bailey, 70, Connecticut's Democratic Party chief since 1946 and national chairman under Kennedy and Johnson, of throat cancer; in Hartford. A cigar-chomping Irish pol in the classic backroom tradition, Bailey dominated Connecticut politics for nearly three decades with an instinct for "good issues, good organization and good candidates." He masterminded the campaign that in 1955 made Abraham Ribicoff the first Jewish Governor in the Northeast and was an early backer of his fellow Catholic, John Kennedy; as a reward for his help in winning the 1960 presidential nomination, J.F.K. made Bailey National Committee Chairman. His last hurrah was in November, when Ella Grasso, a longtime protégée, became the first woman to win a gubernatorial race in her own right.

Died. Walker Evans, 71, peerless American photodocumentarist; of a cerebral hemorrhage, in New Haven, Conn. Evans saw the camera as a tool to make "the literate, authoritative and transcendent statement that photography allows." His statement was social, etched in stark shots of ruined farms, soot-crusted stevedores, auto graveyards, and the sere faces of the Southern sharecroppers he photographed for *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. James Agee's bitter 1941 study of Alabama tenant farming; but triumphant humanity suffused the hypnotic, almost deadpan literalness that became his trademark.

Died. Marjorie Main, 85, durable Hollywood comedienne best known as Ma Kettle, the frowzy, gravel-voiced matriarch of the Kettle family of celluloid hillbillies in ten box-office hits beginning with *The Egg and I* in 1947; of cancer, in Los Angeles.

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REPRESENTATIVES OF 18 OIL-EXPORTING AND -CONSUMING COUNTRIES MEETING IN THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ROOM IN PARIS

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

OIL

OPEC Meets the Customers

In Paris last week, for the first time since the Arab oil embargo, representatives of the countries that have quintupled petroleum prices faced delegates of the consuming nations that are paying those prices. Across the conference table it became immediately apparent that the oil producers have the upper hand diplomatically. The 18-nation meeting, called at the invitation of French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, showed the depths of the differences rather than any path to resolving them. At week's end delegates could not even agree on an agenda for a larger conference this summer. The oil producers managed to form a united front with the underdeveloped consuming countries against the industrialized nations by insisting that the summer conference consider not just oil but the general matter of commodities as well.

Market Power. Even before the conference opened, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Enders struck a discordant note. In an interview on British television, he declared that the U.S. aim is "to get enough market power to hasten OPEC's demise," referring to the producers' cartel, the 13-nation Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Though that U.S. attitude is scarcely a surprise, it was undiplomatic of Enders to voice it so bluntly. Under Secretary of State Charles W. Robinson,

chief of the U.S. delegation, disavowed the remarks in a background briefing for American correspondents.

At any rate, the oil producers came into the conference with a set position worked out at previous meetings of their own: oil prices will be held at their present disruptively high level until Sept. 30 and may then be adjusted to reflect world inflation and price increases on manufactured goods the oil producers buy. The world recession has reduced demand for oil enough to create a sizable glut, but OPEC members are cutting production rather than making any substantial reduction in prices. "We are masters of the oil price," declared Messaoud Alt-Chaalal, chief Algerian delegate to the Paris conference.

Strategically, the oil producers are very cleverly enlisting the support of the Third World by demanding that energy problems not be discussed in isolation. They are endorsing the controversial contention of the developing countries that fluctuating world commodity prices need some sort of price-stabilization arrangement. The four oil exporting nations at the Paris meeting (Algeria, Iran, Saudi Arabia and Venezuela) succeeded in getting the very word energy removed from the formal title of the conference. Sid-Ahmed Ghazali, chief of Algeria's state oil company, Sonatrach, snapped, "We didn't ask

for an energy conference. You are the ones who want to discuss oil."

U.S. Delegate Robinson urged that non-oil commodities be considered in parallel, separate talks. But the oil producers, along with the three less developed nations at the Paris meeting (Brazil, India and Zaire), insisted that at least some non-oil commodities be talked about at any bigger conference; at week's end delegates were still trying to resolve the issue. The underdeveloped countries have generally been hurt even more than industrialized nations by high oil prices. India last year paid about \$2 billion for imported oil, and Brazil expended nearly half of its foreign-currency earnings to buy petroleum. But the less developed countries generally feel politically more attuned to the OPEC states than to the capitalist West, and would like to use this international conference to steady the prices of the raw materials they themselves sell (prices of many non-oil commodities have been falling sharply lately).

Vain Hope. It now seems that a summer conference, if any ever convenes, will have to concern itself with raw materials other than oil. That approach is certain to cause confusion. The industrial nations are not united on what to do about non-oil commodities. Some European nations might agree to price-stabilizing pacts, which the U.S. has traditionally opposed on free-market principles, but is now reconsidering.

The only recourse for consuming nations seems to be to pursue efforts to hold down oil imports and minimize the damage caused by high prices while

hoping for market pressures to force a price break. But so far that has been a vain hope. On the defensive front, however, some progress has been made. At a separate meeting in Paris last week, the 24 nations of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development formally created the long-discussed \$25 billion "safety net" of stand-by credits that can be used by any member otherwise unable to pay its oil bills.

But the U.S., which had hoped to set an example of oil conservation for other consuming countries, is still deep-

ly divided on its internal strategy. The Senate last week passed a bill that would compel the Administration to institute a wide-ranging series of mandatory conservation programs. The bill, though, would also force price rollbacks of an estimated 1¢ per gal. on gasoline, in direct opposition to Ford's insistence that prices should be allowed to rise enough to compel consumers to save fuel. A presidential veto is possible, and could leave the U.S. in the position of having to prepare for an international conference without any coherent energy policy at home.

through as many as half a dozen mid-temen, some of them nonexistent "sham corporations"—with the price going up each time.

Federal investigators have yet to prove that all of this actually happened or, if it did, what parts were legal or illegal. So far, only one grand jury is known to have been empaneled, in Jacksonville. It is looking into alleged overcharges to the Jacksonville Electric Authority, which received fuel during the crisis from a Coral Gables company partially owned by a Houston conglomerate and the Corporación Venezolana del Petróleo, the state-owned oil and gas company in Venezuela. Company officials have denied any wrongdoing.

Civil Cases. Thus far, the FEA has referred only twelve cases to the Justice Department for possible criminal prosecution. FEA initially concentrated on developing civil cases that could lead to refunds, a practice that has brought it under criticism for laxity in policing the industry. Last week a House Commerce Subcommittee heard testimony from Customs and Florida officials about three purported attempts by FEA to stop the Jacksonville grand jury probe so that FEA could pursue a civil case. T. Edward Austin, a state prosecutor in Jacksonville, testified that as recently as last month he had felt that the FEA was trying to "pull me back" from pursuing the grand jury investigation. FEA officials denied these accusations, and General Counsel Robert Montgomery repeated an earlier pledge by his boss Frank Zarb from now on, in cases that raise a strong suspicion of willful lawbreaking, criminal prosecution will take priority over civil actions.

SCANDALS

Energy, Bananas and Israeli Cash

It was a rare week for business scandal: three tangled tales of million-dollar misdeeds grabbed the headlines simultaneously. In Washington, federal energy officials confirmed suspicions that overcharges by oil suppliers during last year's period of Arab embargo and shortage had cost consumers hundreds of millions of dollars, much of which the Government has ordered refunded. In New York City, United Brands, famous for its Chiquita bananas, admitted bribing officials of Honduras, setting off an uproar that threatens government stability in that country. In Tel Aviv, the indictment of a highly placed Israeli executive on charges of siphoning cash out of the country opened up a story of troubles in a Geneva bank that could cause heavy losses to investors round the world. Details of the three cases:

Embargo Rip-Offs

As it winds its way from well to gasoline tanks or home furnaces, oil passes through many hands. During the shortages bred by the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo, some of those hands took too much out of buyers' pockets; prices in many cases reached levels that did not seem justified by even the rapid run-up in quotes for Middle Eastern crude. Boston-based New England Power Co., for example, was so desperate for fuel in January 1974 that it paid \$23.75 per bbl for 127,479 bbl., when the going price to other utilities was only \$12.05. At about the same time, the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power paid \$25 per bbl. for 150,000 bbl. bought from a New York oil broker.

Widening Hunt. Last week Federal Energy Administration investigators added up the score on overcharges discovered so far and came up with some impressive totals. The Government has already ordered rebates or price rollbacks of \$160.6 million by major segments of the U.S. oil industry. Another \$243 million could be refunded as a result of cases still open, and a further \$76 million in refunds could flow from a separate investigation of price increases on propane (bottled gas). In addition, the Government has refused to allow the oil companies to pass on to their customers \$412 million in accumulated costs. Some of the bigger names on the list of oil companies making refunds or being forced to swallow costs: Ashland, Atlantic Richfield, Continental, Skelly, Phillips, Amerada Hess, Sun, Shell, Texaco. Among the larger refunds or roll-

backs are Charter Oil's \$19.8 million and Kerr-McGee's \$23.5 million.

FEA officials contend that they have found little evidence of criminal intent on the part of suppliers in cases settled so far. Most of the overcharges, they say, resulted from confusion and varying interpretations of the Government's complex pricing regulations. But FEA and other federal agencies are also pressing a rapidly widening hunt for possible criminal violations of the oil price controls passed by Congress in November 1973. U.S. Customs Service agents, for example, are poring over import records in 35 U.S. ports, checking for inaccurate or incomplete entries on tanker manifests and invoices by more than 40 companies.

The federal sleuths suspect that schemes existed to jack up prices that involved dizzying multiple transactions and offshore shuffles of oil. Venezuelan oil, which began rising in price even before the embargo, would be shipped, say, to The Netherlands Antilles, there to be blended with then cheaper Middle Eastern oil and shipped to the U.S. at the higher Venezuelan price. In a typical case, \$6 residual oil, used to fire utility boilers, was resold at \$17 and later soared to \$23 and \$24 during the embargo crisis. Another apparent pattern: passing oil

"Check your oil, mister?"





UNITED FRUIT OFFICIAL CHECKING BANANAS IN HONDURAS IN PRE-MERGER DAYS

HAL WICK

PETER ANDERSON—FI



ELI BLACK & HONDURAS PRESIDENT LÓPEZ

Honduran Bribery

Early one morning last February, Eli M. Black, 53-year-old chairman of United Brands Co., created a major mystery by smashing a quarter-inch-thick glass window in his Manhattan office and plunging through it to his death on the pavement 44 floors below. Black's relatives said that they knew of nothing that might have driven the executive, who was a descendant of ten generations of rabbis and a former rabbi himself, to take his life. Business associates also were puzzled—though they noted that his company, a gangling conglomerate, had lost \$46.8 million in 1974 on sales of more than \$2 billion. As it does following the unusual death of the head of any large U.S. business, the Securities and Exchange Commission began an investigation into the company's operations. Last week a grisly clue to Black's despair surfaced: he had been at the center of an about-to-break case of international bribery that might topple the government of Honduras, hurt U.S. relations with Latin America and

cause United Brands still greater losses.

The *Wall Street Journal*, which had learned the results of the SEC probe, extracted from United Brands a public admission that last year it had paid a \$1.25 million bribe to a high official in Honduras—and speculation immediately centered on none other than the chief of state of the country, Oswaldo López Arellano. The bribe was offered in order to win a reduction in a 50¢ export tax on every 40-lb. box of the bananas that United Brands grows in Honduras and sells in the U.S., mostly under the "Chiquita" trademark. The company's statement said that Black had authorized the bribe and another of equal size that was to have been paid later. The payments were made by foreign subsidiaries of United Brands, whose books had been falsified to conceal the transactions. United Brands maintained that it had disclosed this information voluntarily to the SEC shortly after Black's suicide.

Permanent Injunction. Only hours after the *Journal* story appeared, the SEC filed suit against the company. It charged that United Brands had violated the Securities Exchange Act of 1934 by making false statements regarding company expenditures and by actually making unreported payments. These included an additional \$750,000 paid since 1970 to officials of a European country "in connection with the securing of favorable business opportunities." The names of Germany and Italy promptly popped up in the press.

The SEC suit asked only for a permanent injunction against similar actions in the future—oddly enough, bribing officials of foreign governments does not in itself violate any U.S. law.

The business penalties for United Brands could far exceed any legal ones. At least two shareholders have already

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

filed suit asking that the bribe money be repaid to the company by its board or by Black's estate. Publicity about the bribes could easily lead Honduras to expropriate the company's plantations, which supply about 16% of the bananas that United Brands sells.

In Latin America, the scandal had a decidedly *déjà vu* quality. Under its former name of United Fruit Co., United Brands' banana operations had been synonymous with *Yanqui* imperialism. United Fruit was widely known as *el pulpo*, or the octopus. More than one Latin government that got in its way fell. Since merging United Fruit with his own AMK Corp. in 1970 to form United Brands, however, Black had been trying to bury the *el pulpo* image. By paying high wages, providing workers with low-cost housing, building schools and operating well-equipped hospitals, he had earned a reputation as a businessman with a social conscience.

In Honduras, President López, 53, has vehemently denied receiving any bribes, and hastily appointed a blue-ribbon commission headed by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tegucigalpa, the republic's capital, to find out who did López, who overthrew a liberal government in a bloody 1963 coup led by tanks, rules by decree. But lately he has been in political trouble with his own four-man Superior Council of the Armed Forces; two weeks ago, he was abruptly replaced as head of the army by one of his strongest rivals, Colonel Juan Alberto Melgar Castro. The bribery case can only create more trouble for him. United Brands and U.S. diplomacy.

Missing Millions

Within the Israeli government, Michael Tzur was a highly regarded financial expert. He managed with distinction a succession of key posts, most recently managing director of The Israel Corp., a firm created with the encouragement of the state to channel investments into the nation's industry and its tourist business. Last week, however, after six months of investigation, a district court in Tel Aviv indicted Tzur on charges of fraud, bribery and breach of trust. The accusations are the latest developments in a complex contretemps that involves, besides the state of Israel, a Baron de Rothschild, a shady Swiss bank with a record of ties to the Mafia, secret Liechtenstein trust accounts, a hero of the World War II Hungarian underground and scores of millions in missing funds.

Between 1970 and 1974, according to last week's indictment, Tzur illegally transferred about \$16.2 million from The Israel Corp. and two of its subsidiaries to a Liechtenstein credit trust. The trust was controlled by Tibor Rosenbaum, president of the International Credit Bank (I.C.B.) in Geneva. Apparently, Rosenbaum withdrew the illegal deposits—along with other funds that he

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It's too much tire to turn down



The Mercedes-Benz 450SE. Engineered like no other car in the world.

The Mercedes-Benz 450SE is a pure combination of advanced automotive technology, enlightened engineering, safety and craftsmanship.

And though a host of "brand-new" automobiles have been introduced in the past several months, the world has never seen a production sedan like it.

On the outside, the 450SE Sedan is not as big as a full-sized American luxury automobile. The only thing big about this Mercedes-Benz sedan is the room inside. The 450SE is a five-passenger sedan with more than seventeen cubic feet of trunk space.

Many engineers agree that this is the shape and size of the automobile of the future. For some domestic manufacturers, the future has to wait until at least 1978. For Mercedes-Benz it's here now.

Aircraft construction

The Mercedes-Benz 450SE has no separate body or chassis structure. Its panels are fused into a unit with over 6,000 individual electric welds. This basic method of construction allows modern jet aircraft to have enormous strength and light weight.

The awards winner

The 1983 Motor Trend Magazine Golden Wheels Awards have just been announced.



Awarded: Outstanding Achievement in Engineering
Awarded: Outstanding Achievement in Safety

Outstanding Achievement in Engineering Winner: The 450SE

Awarded: Outstanding Achievement in Engineering
Awarded: Outstanding Achievement in Safety
Awarded: Outstanding Achievement in Engineering
Awarded: Outstanding Achievement in Safety

Outstanding Achievement in Safety Winner: The 450SE

Safety first

The structure of the 450SE is the latest of Mercedes-Benz developments of the patented rigid passenger cell/deformable extremity construction. Both the front and rear extremities absorb force in the event of an impact, to help the passenger cell remain intact.

The 450SE's gas tank is mounted over the rear suspension, well in from the rear bumper, and sur-

rounded by steel bulkheads. What's more, the gasoline filler neck has been designed to pinch itself closed in the event of impact.

Unlike all domestic sedans which continue to have the same basic wagon-type rear axle they have had for decades, the suspension of a 450SE is fully independent. This system is completely different and allows the standard steel-belted radial tires to stay mated to the road where they belong.

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One final thought. Today, when more than ever before, everyone is searching for lasting value, a Mercedes-Benz 450SE has much to offer you. Mercedes-Benz has the best resale value of any make of car sold in America. Any one. And the 450SE is pure Mercedes-Benz.

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transferred from his bank to Liechtenstein trusts—to pay off mounting debts incurred by his other enterprises, mostly real estate ventures.

Press reports of trouble at I.C.B. last fall started a run on deposits that Rosenbaum was unable to meet. In October he was forced to close the bank, and the Swiss government granted him a temporary moratorium on its payments. Now rumors are growing that because Rosenbaum is unable to raise money to pay his debts, which are estimated to be about \$136 million, the Swiss may soon lift the moratorium. In that case, the bank would collapse, Rosenbaum would be bankrupt and the thousands of investors and depositors in I.C.B.—mostly Jewish—would probably lose virtually everything that they had put into the bank.

Soon after rumors of I.C.B.'s plight began circulating, Baron Edmond de Rothschild, chairman of The Israel Corp., ordered an investigation. A report

Mob-controlled American businesses

At the same time, Rosenbaum, who played a major role in rescuing many of his fellow Jews during the Nazi occupation of his native Hungary, developed close relations with Israeli leaders. I.C.B. financed oil deals and huge, hushed arms transactions for Israel. Rosenbaum was also highly respected by many Jews around the world, who often used his bank to deposit funds for investment in Israel; indeed, until February he was treasurer of the World Jewish Congress.

A typically grandiose land speculation in Italy is believed to have been the main cause of Rosenbaum's trouble. He borrowed \$30 million to acquire and improve a 1,200-acre site just outside Rome that formerly belonged to the Italian royal family. Rosenbaum hoped to get the land rezoned for residential construction, which would have boosted the site's value to \$150 million. Instead, the Italian government decided to zone it

AIRLINES

The Frill Is Gone

For nearly two decades, the nation's airlines have tried to fill empty seats on their cavernous jets primarily by catering to the air traveler's palate rather than his pocketbook. They have wine and dined him with increasingly elaborate soup-to-nuts meal services and, while offering a variety of excursion rates, raised regular fares more than 40 times since the jets began flying in the U.S. in 1958. After the last across-the-board fare boost of 4% in November, however, customers suddenly began to rebel. Airline traffic has slumped 15% below a year ago, even though the industry has added more capacity. As a result, most major carriers are reporting losses: \$55 million for TWA, for example, in January and February alone. Now the lines are starting what Eastern Tariffs Manager DeHart Clute calls an "orgy" of cut-price promotional fares in hopes of luring enough new travelers to pull the industry out of its tailspin.

Foodless Flying. "The frill is gone," proclaim full-page National Airlines ads for a new \$61 New York-to-Miami fare. On flights between Miami and ten other cities, National promises passengers a 35% saving over regular coach fares—but no meal—if they fly on a jumbo jet between Monday and Thursday and book a seat at least a week in advance. National's aim, said a company spokesman, "is to stimulate people to take vacations." Although foodless flying, which saves the airline about \$4 a passenger, is largely an attempt to win back customers that National lost during a three-month strike last year, Eastern, Delta, Continental and American have been quick to follow with similar fares on routes that compete with National. Says an official of Los Angeles-based Western Air Lines: "If it's viable, everybody is going to do it."

Earlier this month, World Airways, a charter carrier, proposed an \$89 (plus tax) frill-less fare on regularly scheduled flights between New York or Washington and Los Angeles or San Francisco. The rest of the industry, meanwhile, is proposing and promoting a baffling array of other special fares, including discounts ranging from 20% to 45% for youths, senior citizens and travelers who book well in advance of their departures or fly at night.

Fare cutting has spread to international routes too. British Airways is considering no-frills service on its North Atlantic runs. And in Geneva last week, members of the International Air Transport Association, the rate-setting cartel for international flights, reached an agreement that will permit carriers to continue offering scheduled flights at new bargain rates of about half the normal coach fare. If the U.S. formally approves the agreement, it will allow major American carriers to meet competition



MICHAEL TZUR BEING ESCORTED FROM TEL AVIV DISTRICT COURT AFTER INDICTMENT
Accused in a tangled scandal involving a shady Swiss bank.

on his findings, released in Israel last December, asserts that The Israel Corp. "was a victim of criminal misconduct," and specifically blames Tzur and Rosenbaum. Rothschild has filed criminal charges against Rosenbaum in Geneva, which have yet to be acted upon, and initiated the proceedings against Tzur, who faces a possible 22-year sentence.

Singled Out. Rosenbaum, the key figure in the complex saga, founded I.C.B. in 1959. A short, bull-necked dynamo of a man, he is, says one Swiss banker, "the kind of guy who seemed to know everybody." His bank had the reputation of taking money from anyone, paying richer-than-average returns and investing in risky high-yielding ventures. I.C.B. was singled out by LIFE in 1967 as one of the Swiss banks that accepted funds that the Mafia had skimmed from casinos in the U.S. and the Bahamas, then recycled into

for park land, and Rosenbaum was left with debts, including fees and interest payments, of about \$75 million.

Thus Rosenbaum's empire was under intense pressure when the world recession hit Europe, causing stock markets to plunge and interest rates to soar. A desperate need for capital seems to have led Rosenbaum to use his Liechtenstein accounts to transfer funds siphoned from the bank to his other enterprises. Apparently Rosenbaum believed that he would eventually recoup and pay the money back.

Investigations are continuing, and the full story has yet to be told. Israeli officials insist that whatever losses The Israel Corp. suffers will not impair its soundness. But it is agreed that the scandal has, among other things, hurt the country's strained economy: compared with 1973, foreign investment in Israel last year was down by 50%.



LOVELY PASSENGERS ABOARD A JET FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK TO ATLANTA
Low promotional fares may be the best way to fill up the planes.

from foreign airlines without starting the wide-open rate war that some executives had feared would break out over the Atlantic this summer.

In Congress, sentiment is growing to carry the discount trend to its logical conclusion and deregulate fares completely, leaving the carriers free to charge whatever they please rather than requiring them to seek Civil Aeronautics Board approval for every change. Airline leaders, however, are aghast at the thought of going that far. IATA Director General Knut Hammarskjöld calls deregulation, which would affect international as well as domestic flights, "suicide." TWA Chairman Charles Tillinghast predicts that it would lead to a "breakdown of the system as we know it," and eventually to "pressure for subsidies and nationalization." Although few people are yet talking nationalization, the Ford Administration is contemplating legislation to force mergers that could bail out weaker carriers. Says Transportation Secretary William Coleman: "Somebody is going to have to take a look at the domestic airlines and decide how many there should be."

Quick Approval. The airlines' most immediate worry is neither nationalization nor deregulation nor Government-forced mergers, but the prospect that their new cut-rate promotional fares will add only to gross revenues this summer while doing nothing for profits. Many industry analysts forecast that the lines will raise their percentage of filled seats above February's 48.5%, but that since the airlines will also get less revenue for each occupied seat, they will continue flying in the red. In taking that

chance, the airlines are clearly changing their operating philosophy, and the CAB may be doing so too. For years, the agency has discouraged price cutting and approved fare increases willy-nilly, bringing itself under heavy political fire for being too cozy with the industry. But it quickly approved National's no-frills fare, perhaps indicating a new recognition that the best way to fill empty seats is to offer the traveling public low prices.

VIET NAM

Executive Flight

Whatever reasons the U.S. may have had for entering Viet Nam, commercial exploitation was hardly among them. Although the American business community in Saigon has grown roughly 20% since the 1973 Paris accords, to about 230 members, the total U.S. investment in Nguyen Van Thieu's crumbling nation still amounts to a paltry \$25 million—or about the cost of half a day of the war at its height. Skeptical of Thieu's ability to govern and frightened by the country's runaway inflation, U.S. multinational corporations have never been willing to risk large amounts of capital in Viet Nam—even though the Saigon government set up the Industrial Development Bank to solicit foreign investment and announced grandiose plans to erect industrial parks, hotels with convention centers and even a Vietnamese Disneyland.

In less than a month, the Disneylandish dream of building a capitalist Viet Nam with American business

know-how and money has turned into a nightmare. Last week, as fears of reprisals from embittered South Vietnamese swept through the chaotic capital and Communist forces regrouped an hour's drive to the northeast for an assault that could overrun Saigon, most of Viet Nam's American executives were either gone or packing to leave. Said one businessman: "It's almost better to go home now and come back to make a better deal with a Communist regime in five years."

Two U.S. oil companies drilling offshore in the South China Sea shut down their rigs and evacuated American personnel in company planes. Some members of an oil-company rigging crew may have headed straight for Singapore in their workboat. Local branch managers for Chase Manhattan, First National City and Bank of America chartered a Pan Am 707 and flew to Hong Kong for "consultations" despite U.S. embassy protests that their departure was premature. In fact, it was ordered by their head offices. Said B. of A. Vice President Andrew Boudewyn in San Francisco: "We wanted to evacuate them before we had to do it in coffins."

Getaway Plans. Defying the odds, a few American companies continue to operate in Saigon. Among them: San Francisco-based Foremost-McKesson, which runs the capital's only dairy. Foremost will keep the plant running, said President William Morison, "as long as whatever government they have there allows us to." Chase's branch manager returned to Saigon, at least temporarily, after embassy officials promised that he and other bank employees would have equal priority with government personnel if and when it came time to run. Pan American last week managed to operate two scheduled flights into Saigon, even though the airline said that its Tan Son Nhut airport personnel were "trying to rush hundreds of passengers aboard airplanes" and "coping with bayonet-carrying MPs." Thursday's 373-seat Pan Am 747 flight, however, left with only 170 passengers aboard. One reason: some of the remaining Americans were making getaway plans and then postponing them. Explained one U.S. executive: "I'm afraid of the panic among the employees that might happen if I left."

U.S.-headquartered managements, however, may soon force most of those who have stayed to evacuate and turn over local operations to Vietnamese assistants, many of whom cannot get exit visas. The Saigonese already abandoned by their American managers are philosophical about their sudden move into the executive suite. One caretaker told TIME Correspondent William McWhirter: "As a foreigner, your country is over there. Why lose your life over here? It's better to let a national do the job for a while." Judging by the week's events in Viet Nam, that could be a short while indeed.

Now in the air-tight pack. Pall Mall Menthol 100's



Hard pack, soft pack-no ordinary pack keeps its cool, like Pall Mall Menthol's air-tight pack.

Ordinary packs let air in, moisture out on the way to you.
But Pall Mall Menthol's air-tight pack is hermetically sealed to hold in all the menthol so you enjoy mint-fresh smoking when you open the pack.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

All in the Family

It was a recession Oscar ceremony, shorn of the usual garish production numbers. There was some acrimony, when Bert Schneider, co-winner with Peter Davis of the Best Feature-length Documentary award for *Hearts and Minds* (TIME, March 17), made a gratuitous and baiting reference to the imminent "liberation" of Viet Nam and read a message from the Viet Cong. That provoked Host Bob Hope and Oscar Producer Howard W. Koch to scribble a rebuke backstage, which was read on the air by Host Frank Sinatra. The Academy declined to comment.

Three-time Nominee Ellen Burstyn finally won as Best Actress for *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*. But four-time Nominee Jack Nicholson, who was favored to win as Best Actor for *Chin-*

atown, was bypassed in favor of Art Carney (see following story).

The rest of the evening might be described as a family party out of one of the *Godfather* pictures, only this time the family in question was not Corleone but Coppola. When Director Francis Ford Coppola, 36, was not jogging onto the stage to accept a statue, he was bouncing up and down in his seat, hooting with glee as *Godfather Part II* swept seven major awards. In addition to Best Director and Best Picture awards, Coppola shared the Best Screenplay prize with Novelist Mario Puzo. He also accepted Robert De Niro's Supporting Actor Oscar, for his portrayal of the Godfather as a young man.

There were two more family members in the proceedings. Sister Talia Shire lost the Best Supporting Actress award to Ingrid Bergman (*Murder on the Orient Express*). But Papa Carmine Coppola, 63, had perhaps the most satisfying night of all. He shared with Composer Nino Rota the Oscar for Best Original Dramatic Score; the music included lyrics by Mama Italia Coppola and a Neapolitan aria written years ago by Maternal Grandfather Francesco Pennino. Carmine took the honor in stride. "I want to thank my son Francis, because without him I wouldn't be here," he said on accepting. "But then if I weren't here, he wouldn't be either."

Art Who?

He has a hearing aid for a deaf left ear, a painful lump on his right knee-cap diagnosed as Osgood-Schlatter's disease, a hiatal hernia and a limp—the result of a World War II shrapnel wound. He also has a history of alcoholism, and after his first marriage failed, he suffered a nervous breakdown

Looking at Art Carney's mournful Pop-eye face is to encounter the resignation of an aging bullfighter contemplating his last fight. Only this time Art has won both ears and the tail. He was the surprise winner of an Oscar for his gentle, ruminative portrayal of a 72-year-old Odysseus adrift with his orange cat in *Harry and Tonto*.

Thurberesque Comedy. In true Hollywood fashion, Carney's award is belated justice. In 1965 it was Carney who made immortal the finicky Felix in Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple* on Broadway only to be elbowed out of the movie by more bankable Jack Lemmon. If anyone doubted the injustice, two nights after the Oscars, ABC aired a Jules Feiffer sketch of Carney giving a performance of Thurberesque comedy as a harried househusband, a timid man all but overcome by familial concupiscence.

Carney, 56, is as astonished as everyone else by the award. "It was the greatest moment of my life," he acknowledges. Harry was his first leading role in a feature movie—and of course he was nobody's first choice. It was written for another Irishman, James Cagney, who turned it down. Twentieth Century-Fox then suggested Laurence Olivier, even Frank Sinatra, before Director Paul Mazursky called on Art. Even Carney was not sure he wanted it. "I liked Josh Greenfeld's script, but face it, I felt insecure playing a 72-year-old man." But his wife Barbara thought he would be crazy not to take it. So did his agent Bill McCaffrey, who said: "Do it. You are old."

Art did not even have trouble with his co-star. "Until the picture, I never liked cats. But Tonto is a helluva cat. He had two stand-ins—cats that looked exactly like him—in case he got sick or was hit by a car. But old Tonto was a real trouper, never used a stand-in once. In the last scene, where he's dying, I just looked at him lying there in his cage and I was really sad and shaken." Tonto amiably accepted Art's conversation, modeled on his uncle's chats with his dog. "I never thought it strange," explains Carney. "It was natural for someone living alone. My uncle would get up from his chair, walk into the next room, and share a thought with his dog."

Each Carney performance is full of such remembered observations. One of six sons of a newspaperman, Art grew up in a New York City suburb, perfecting a talent for mimicry. His first gig was imitating F.D.R. in comedy bits for the Horace Heidt band. "It was pure dynamite," he recalls. His skill won him a job in radio. "Acting on the radio gave me my first experience in a lot of different character parts. It was the only training I ever had." After war service and bit parts on television, Carney was picked to play Jackie Gleason's sidekick

WINNER ELLEN BURSTYN IN NEW YORK



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SHOW BUSINESS



ART CARNEY & HIS FIRST OSCAR
Tonto is a helluva cat.

in *All in the Family's* predecessor, "The Honeymooners" skits on Gleason's comedy show.

"I've never thought of myself as a comedian," says Art of the years he spent making a household name for himself as the good-natured bumbler Ed Norton. He tried hard to avoid being typed, and increasingly, work on Broadway came his way, culminating in stardom in *The Odd Couple*.

Second Banana. His success on-stage coincided with failure off. He was drinking heavily. In 1965 he and his first wife were divorced. Recalls Carney: "I was at the point where I needed a shot of Scotch the minute I opened my eyes in the morning." It took Alcoholics Anonymous, treatment with Antabuse and his happy second marriage a few years later to pull him out. He has been on the wagon for a year with only occasional backsliding. "You don't lick all your problems," says Art, "but I've got most of mine under control now."

On his way to the stage on Oscar night, it crossed Art's mind to say in his acceptance speech: "You're looking at an actor whose price has just doubled." He did not say it, but it is true. Offers are beginning to come in. There may be a sequel to *Harry*, or it could become a TV series. But Art has reservations. "I fear that warm and wonderful character would become too diffused and little more than a cliché." For the first time in his career, he is on the brink of making big money and having new options. In his Beverly Hills hotel, his phone never stops ringing. He takes a call from Gleason. "What did you do last night?" "I went to see *Chinatown*," jokes Art. Then he smiles. His days of being anyone's second banana are over. Art Carney is a bankable actor.

Clark's Pique

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD
by KENNETH CLARK
287 pages, Harper & Row, \$11.

The Kenneth Clark known to millions of television viewers (*Civilisation*, *The Romantic Rebellion*) is the very portrait of composure. His U voice and elegant gaze—aimed levelly at the masterpieces and just slightly down upon his culture-hungry audience—seem capable of expressing anything but doubt. Who could guess that behind this plomb a second Kenneth Clark lurks, irreverent, funny and tortuously complex? *Another Part of the Wood*, in effect, is an autobiographical ambush brilliantly staged by this Clark against his camera ego.

Born in 1903, the only child of idlerich Edwardians ("many people were richer, there can have been few who were idler"), young Clark basked off the Riviera on the new yacht his father bought more or less annually. The Clarks had the sort of wealth to maintain on their estate a nine-hole golf course complete with pro, even though neither parent played the game. The boy's only sport was walking about the family bogs soliloquizing, a practice he claimed prepared him for television.

The Wrong Turning. At age seven, when he was visiting an exhibition of Japanese paintings, he discovered the important secret about himself—"I am a born visualizer." Roughly in this order he began to paint in the style of Hokusai, Degas, Gauguin, Whistler and Matisse. By the time he reached Oxford, he knew he was not an artist; but he was irrevocably attached to the scale of the masterpiece—what a friend, Classicist Maurice Bowra, called "big stuff."

After Oxford, Clark became a protégé of the art collector and critic Bernard Berenson. (His devastating vignette of B.B. in these pages is a small classic by itself.) Before he was 30 he had been appointed director of the National Gallery, and was on his way to becoming Lord Clark of Saltwood, the most influential tastemaker in the London art world.

By almost any standards, here is a story of privilege and deserved success. But there are more than cracks in Clark's golden bowl—the usual hint of sublime dissatisfaction successful men feel obliged to point out. A vein of self-contempt—sometimes but not always playful—runs throughout the book. Clark speaks of "the evasions and half-truths" encouraged by the lecture form. Reviewing his decision to become a museum director, he concludes: "I took the wrong turning." The London art world he compares to "a battlefield at nightfall," and seems to despise himself for surviving it: "I learnt adaptability and

what is known in boxing as footwork."

The "Great Clark Boom," he calls his pre-World War II years of making it. He possessed a town house with painted ceilings and marble fireplaces that he rather hated and a charming wife in Schiaparelli originals whom he loved, and he showed off both. Parties the Clarks gave and attended were exercises in name-dropping: Noël Coward, Max Beerbohm, Arthur Rubinstein, T.S. Eliot, Winston Churchill.

Confidence Trick. Still, a kind of sour weariness marks even these engagement-book recitations. Clark writes sardonically of "stuffy members of the government and their men sahib wives," and snaps at "rich and respectable men" as if born to dislike his own class. He closes his story on the eve of World War II, looking at the darkened silhouette of London and thinking with "a curious feeling of elation" that "these featureless flocks" and the social system they symbolize constitute "a worn-out monster founded on exploitation," and perhaps better destroyed. What and whom does Clark love? The answer is unequivocal art and artists. Yet there is oddly little about either here. Henry Moore, whom he calls a genius and one of his two dearest friends, gets only a cursory page. He nominates John Ruskin "the greatest member of my profession" and declares that the few passages in his own criticism "in which I feel I have been lifted off my feet are the things which (except for my family) have given me the most pleasure in my life." But in the end, Clark the critic is self-critically musing: "The odd thing is how many people have accepted my judgment. My whole life might be described as one long, harmless confidence trick."

For Clark, there can be no second best. He had to be an artist or he was nothing. His compensation is to know what "big stuff" is. His torment is to know how far he and most of his contemporaries are distant from it.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Ritual as Saving Grace

JAPAN: THE FRAGILE SUPERPOWER
by FRANK GIBNEY
347 pages, Norton, \$10.

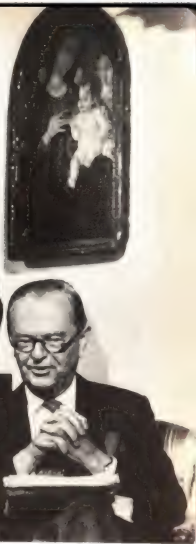
Thirty years after World War II, "the greater co-prosperity sphere" in Asia—once the aim of an aggressive Japanese empire—has been achieved by Japan Inc., a vast army of devoted, disciplined businessmen. To Americans the Japanese too often appear as some sort of grotesque national parody—crowds of transistor salesmen with kamikaze pilots' scarves, legions of passionate new consumers teeming on a string of islands which are about to sink beneath their growing population and industrial swirl.

KENNETH CLARK & FRIENDS
Lifelong pursuit of "big stuff."

The stereotype, insists Frank Gibney in this provocative interpretation of the Japanese soul, is unfortunate. For, says Gibney, the Japanese are really the people who so far seem best able to cope with contemporary industrial life.

At the same time, Gibney points out, modern Japan was largely created in the American image during the postwar occupation. Japan's deep-rooted psychological dependence on the U.S., in fact, is an extension into the realm of international relations of a chain of dependence and corresponding obligation between the younger, poorer and weaker and the old, rich and more powerful that runs from top to bottom in Japanese life. As Gibney compares and contrasts the two countries, he reflects on how our own industrial superpower—individualistic, given to philosophical absolutes and brusque manners—might profit from the example of a reluctant world power that is group-oriented, philosophically relativist and almost piously polite.

Gibney openly laments the loss of ceremony and amenity in American life. He regards the Japanese genius for pre-





AUTHOR FRANK GIBNEY
Abandoning Yankee ways.

serving small rituals in the midst of an efficient, mechanized, industrial state as a hopeful example for the rest of the world. Such things as bowing, exchanging name cards and sipping tea in elaborate corporate reception rooms have "the importance of ceremony as art in keeping a civilization together." Adds Gibney: "Consensus and collectiveness are more than a virtue. They have almost the quality of religion."

Form and Love. Gibney explains how the Japanese manage to "alchemize ceremony into substance" because they are capable of dignifying the simplest acts of daily living with form and love. Besides helping with homework and doing the family finances, mothers manage to spend a great deal of time with their children—among other things teaching them the various ritual forms of greetings and farewells. Appearances count in Japan and influence reality. The measure of "sincerity" in the complex act of apologizing for a traffic accident, for instance, helps determine the eventual fine imposed by the judge. Such simple but pervasive social medicine helps fight

off alienation and spiritual exhaustion.

Building on the scholarly analysis of others and his own earlier work, *Five Gentlemen of Japan* (1953), Gibney explores Japan's "great steel web of contract and commitments." He is most impressed by the influence of the Japanese system called *amaeru*—literally to presume upon the affections of someone close to you, in Japan most frequently an elder. Of course, to be dependent on the indulgence of seniors on the job or in politics can lead to inefficiency and toadyism. But at its best the sense of *amaeru* can create unrivaled group unity through which high efficiency and an extraordinary sense of teamwork are achieved. Some of this seems to be exportable. Japanese businesses in the U.S. have in fact demonstrated that American workers are made happier and more productive through the use of such Japanese methods as token work by executives on the assembly line and off-hours socializing with the workers.

No Jaywalking. The more or less serene survival of the Japanese in chaotic and overcrowded Tokyo, a city of 11 million with crime rates drastically lower than New York City (an average of two robberies per day, v. 200 for New York), is an example, says Gibney, of how mind and manners can triumph over matter. While the U.S. has systematically eliminated neighborhoods, the Tokyo secret, Gibney points out, is to maintain village living even in the city's harsh, heart-wearying roar. Tokyo is actually a series of group-dependent neighborhoods that function on traditional patterns with everyone knowing everyone else. Credit is still freely given at local stores. And even today, if you ask a Tokyo man where he is from he is likely to give you the name of his grandfather's village hundreds of miles away.

Gibney has lived and worked in Japan off and on since 1945 for a number of years as a journalist and more recently as president of a company that is preparing a Japanese version of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. The work brings him into contact with a great many elements of Japanese life.

But he is also a New Yorker, which lends to some brisk comparisons. Noting that it is not fear of authority but a sense of orderliness and social obligation that keeps Japanese from crossing against the lights, he says that such behavior is catching—but admits that it took him three years in Tokyo to abandon his old jaywalking Yankee ways.

Gibney is optimistic about Japan. He does not think the Japanese are likely to rearm soon or become a nuclear power and he regards groups of extremists there simply as a kind of remote warning system for the future. The Japanese still feel themselves deeply linked to the U.S. "When the United States does something unfriendly or falls into difficulties, the Japanese tend to take the affront or the disaster almost personally." There are difficult nuances in the re-

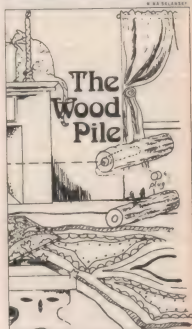
lationship, of course. The Japanese were shocked when the U.S. demanded that "if a Japanese firm could do unrestricted business in the United States, an American firm should get the same clearance to do business in Japan." Why? Because in the *amaeru* relationship it is "the elder, the parent, the teacher, the rich uncle who must give. It is the child, the pupil who must be indulged."

■ Jerrold Schecter

Cache as Cache Can

HOW TO HIDE ALMOST ANYTHING
by DAVID KROTZ
157 pages. Morrow. \$5.95.

The first beneficiary of organized crime is the organized criminal. The second is his well-paid opposition. The detectives, private guards, attack dogs and Kung Fu instructor all flourish in this lawless epoch; close behind are the writers of self-defense manuals. The most researched of these literary crime fighters



DRAWING OF LOGS DRILLED AS HIDEAWAYS
Also, wooden legs and drainpipes.

is David Krotz, author of *How to Hide Almost Anything*. Krotz, who is a carpenter as well as a writer, conjures up a harrowing world. Intruders perch upon window sills, second-story men prow through closets, burglars tiptoe through kitchens and bedrooms. Their quest: valuables hoarded by householders against sudden economic ruin.

Nearly everyone these days has fantasized about the ultimate bank failure or Dow Jones plummet. The solution: a ready supply of cash or jewelry. But where can they be secreted? At the back of a picture? Too obvious. In the toilet tank? Too amateurish. In a loose floor-



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"I think the major oil companies are doing a very inept job of rebutting criticism."

Leonard Hallquist, Skelgas Branch Manager,
River Falls, Wisconsin

"Awhile back, on one of those TV press shows, I listened to an oil industry spokesman answering questions about the energy

situation. When the interview was over, I told my wife, 'He just took half an hour to tell them nothing.'

"It's no wonder people

don't understand the problem.

"I have some property which I rent out. And I wouldn't consider going out and buying another place to fix up and rent if I couldn't see a way to come out of it with a profit.

"That's exactly the problem the oil industry is having now. And, in my opinion, if we just expressed the problem better, people would be willing to pull together and solve this thing.

"As an individual, I feel that my generation is special and unusual in that we have memories of the depression of the 1930s. It has generated a heritage of hard work, and we've been an ambitious lot. We've thought of more things to make and use, which in turn forced us to mine, drill, cut down and blow up as though there was no end.

"But it also taught us how to sacrifice, if necessary. And I think it's high time we pulled the reins."



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BOOKS

board? Too melodramatic. Into this paranoid quandary steps Krotz with a toolbox full of solutions.

Some have literary antecedents. The Mellors Model, for example, takes its name from the randy gamekeeper in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. D.H. Lawrence makes no mention of secret panels but, reasons Krotz, "Lady Chatterley must have hung her dress somewhere to avoid telltale wrinkles." The somewhere is a secret compartment that any ordinary gamekeeper can build behind any ordinary coat rack. Other caches are less allusive but more ingenious. As Krotz's book amply diagrams, hiding places can be constructed behind false electric-plug plates, in drains or even around drainpipes. "Make a mysterious apparition of metal under the sink—a touch filthy. Who would want to stick his hand up there? You will."

In his designs for false bookshelves and secret passageways, Krotz sometimes appears to be auditioning for the part of James Bond's next artificer. But his improvisations are far more suggestive of a Maxwell Smart rerun. One can almost hear the nasal whine: "The old up-and-in opening-fulcrum-stair-kick-board hiding place, eh, chief?" One significant hiding place is omitted from this complete volume: a place large enough to accommodate both the thief and his victim. It is called the judicial system, with its hidden compartments—the police station, the courtroom and the jail. Perhaps it was just as well to omit them all; until these appurtenances can be made to function effectively, the reader is on his own.

★ Stefan Kanfer

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Centennial, Michener (1 last week)
- 2—The Moneychangers, Hailey (4)
- 3—Black Sunday, Harris (6)
- 4—The Dreadful Lemon Sky, MacDonald (2)
- 5—The Promise of Jay, Drury (8)
- 6—Lady, Tryon (7)
- 7—Something Happened, Heller (5)
- 8—The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, Meyer (3)
- 9—A Month of Sundays, Updike (9)
- 10—The Ebony Tower, Fowler

NONFICTION

- 1—The Bermuda Triangle, Berlitz (1)
- 2—Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders, Bugliosi with Gentry (2)
- 3—Here at The New Yorker, Gill (3)
- 4—The Palace Guard, Rother & Gates (6)
- 5—The Ascent of Man, Branowski (8)
- 6—Strictly Speaking, Newman (5)
- 7—The Bankers, Mayer (4)
- 8—All Things Bright and Beautiful, Herriot (7)
- 9—The Pleasure Band, Masters & Johnson (9)
- 10—When I Say No, I Feel Guilty, Smith (10)

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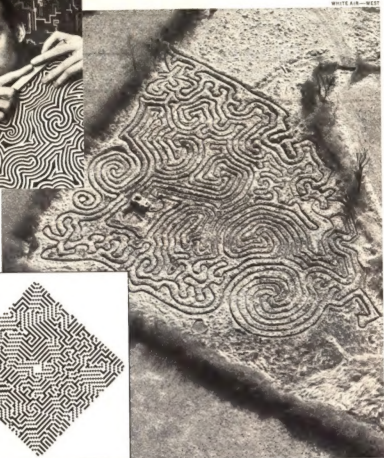
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LABYRINTHOLOGIST BRIGHT; PILTON DIG (RIGHT); DESIGN FROM MAZE BOOK

MODERN LIVING

Bright, the Maze Man

From early childhood, Englishman Greg Bright has gone out of his way to get lost—in department stores, city streets, the countryside. "I've always very much dug the feeling of being lost. I've always been turned on by it." Since he was six, Bright has been turning himself on by designing mazes or labyrinths, those intricate networks of paths and chambers from which, once inside, the most mettlesome visitor may find it all but impossible to find a way out.

Turning lost into profit, Bright, now 23, has made a career of designing mazes. *Greg Bright's Maze Book*, a collection of his designs, is a current In book in London, and will be published next week by Pantheon Books in the U.S. For those who can afford the real thing—say, an acre complex of tortuous passages between tall, dense hedges—Bright will produce an original design costing around \$10,000 (materials and labor not included). His latest project, commissioned by the wealthy Lord

Weymouth, will adorn Longleat House in Wiltshire, one of England's finest Elizabethan mansions, whose stately grounds were laid out by the legendary landscape architect Capability Brown. "Maze King" Bright, as he is known in Britain, will embellish Longleat with a lakefront, three-dimensional maze of yew hedges and no fewer than six covered bridges. The maze, when completed in several years, will be open to the public, but its secret, Bright has sworn, will be known only to himself and the Lord of Longleat.

Partial Values. Bright's plans are far more intricate than the famed Hampton Court Palace maze outside London ("Not much to solve there," sniffs Bright. "All you need to do is keep taking the left turn"). One Bright invention is what he calls the principle of "partial valves," by which, he says enigmatically, he introduces "a bias in a closed system of paths so I can make it more difficult to get from Point B to A than from A to B." Another feature of his people-traps is Bright's Principle

No. 2, "mutually accessible centers," by which he maintains "the charge and mystery of the maze" and manipulates the path follower back to the same spots over and over until he is ready to call in a helicopter. On the other hand, Bright says, "some people derive a sense of cosmic energy" from mazes.

Greg Bright's Maze Book, subtitled *Extraordinary Puzzles for Extraordinary People*, is a collection of some three dozen pen-and-ink drawings that are not only a fiendishly frustrating challenge to the cocktail-table Theseus but also are art works of amazing—so to speak—delicacy and variety. Some resemble Op art, others an elaborate electronic circuit; they look like a nexus of noodles, or paranoid doodles, or 18th century *chinoiserie*. Some of these Bright ideas are even designed with no exits or entrances.

Despite his flair—some say genius—for topology, Welsh-born, London-reared Greg Bright dropped out of school at 17. Ever since, he has been making mazes with paper, books and furniture and, on one project, known as the Pilton maze, he created a mile-long serpentine of ditches in a muddy meadow, most of which he dug himself, working "like a rabid mole."

Ultimate Maze. Bright, a bachelor who wears his long blond hair in a ponytail, also works hard at such varied pursuits as composing rock music, acting and writing books and plays. After a show of his labyrinths at London's prestigious Institute of Contemporary Arts this fall, he plans to sell framed reproductions of his designs. Recently he toyed with the idea of an "ultimate" or "life-or-death" maze. He would have to construct it, says Bright, at either the North or South Pole and would use a heated tool to carve up blocks of polar ice for his walls. "Someone entering it," he notes cheerfully, "would have to get out quickly or die of exposure."

The maze king now professes to dislike mazes: "I am not, nor ever have been, nor ever will be obsessed with mazes." But he will publish another maze book this fall. He is contemplating a maze with mirrors for walls. He also hopes to bring mazemania to the U.S., which at this stage can certainly use all the cosmic energy it can get.

Taxi Talk

As if New York City cab drivers did not have enough troubles with traffic, potholes and other cabbies, they are now being taught "better synergistic movement of the buccal cavity." In unadvised words, to tawk proph. Last week, at a seminar with an audiologist invited by the United Taxi Owners Guild, the hackies struggled like so many Eliza Doolittles to correct elided consonants, curdled diphthongs and other "substandardisms" peculiar to the area. If all goes well, they may give up on diction and speak only when spoken to.

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